

COOKIE

IND

Oct.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



**...FOR THE
MERRIEST,
HOWLINGEST
UPROAR OF
LAUGHS YOU'VE
EVER HAD!**

★ **IT'S JOLLY-
SPARKLING...
OVERFLOWING
WITH GLEE
AND GAIETY
THAT'LL KEEP
YOU ROARING!**

Don't miss...

HA HA COMICS

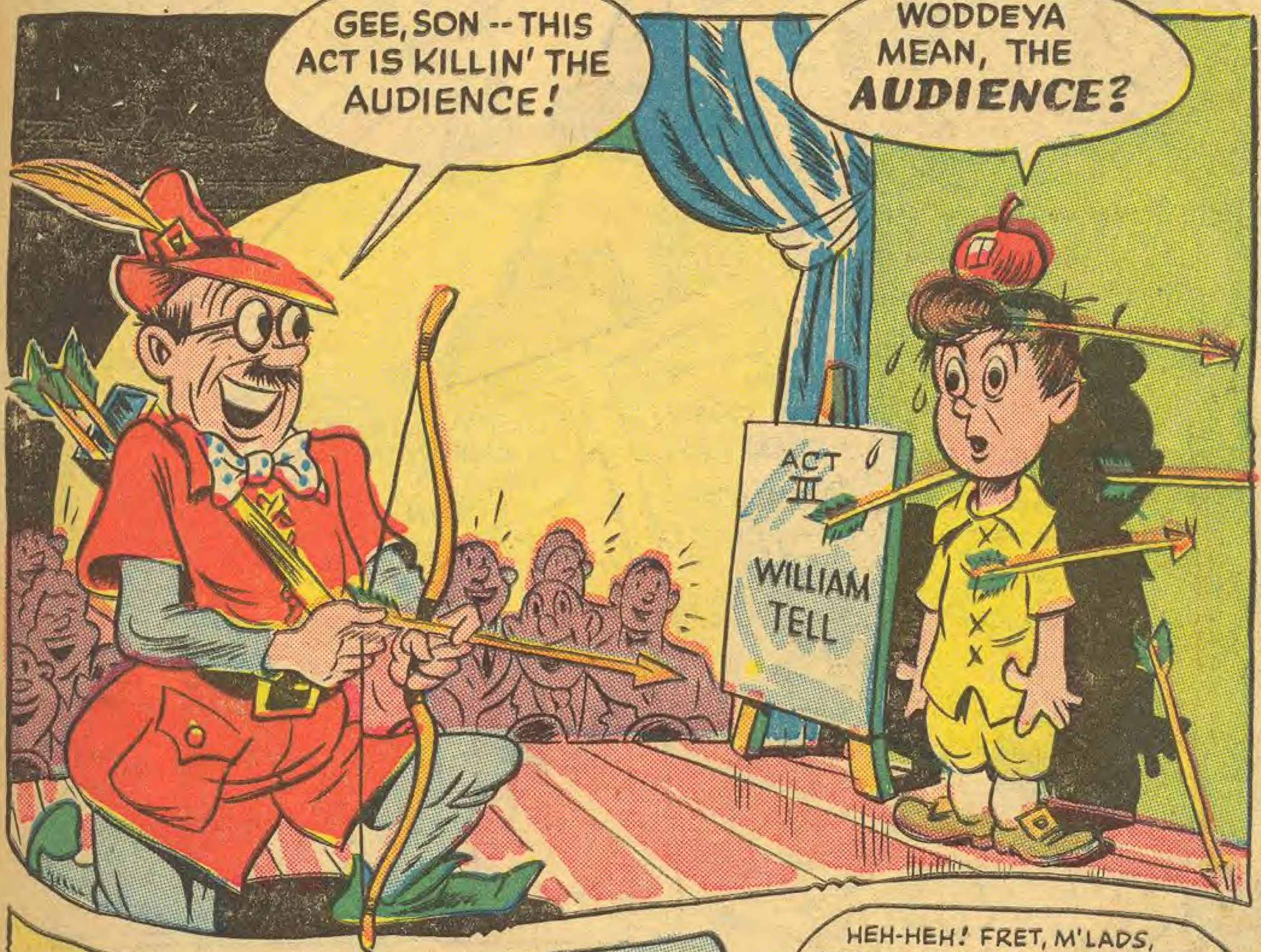
ON ALL STANDS

10¢

"Cookie"

GEE, SON -- THIS
ACT IS KILLIN' THE
AUDIENCE!

WODDEYA
MEAN, THE
AUDIENCE?

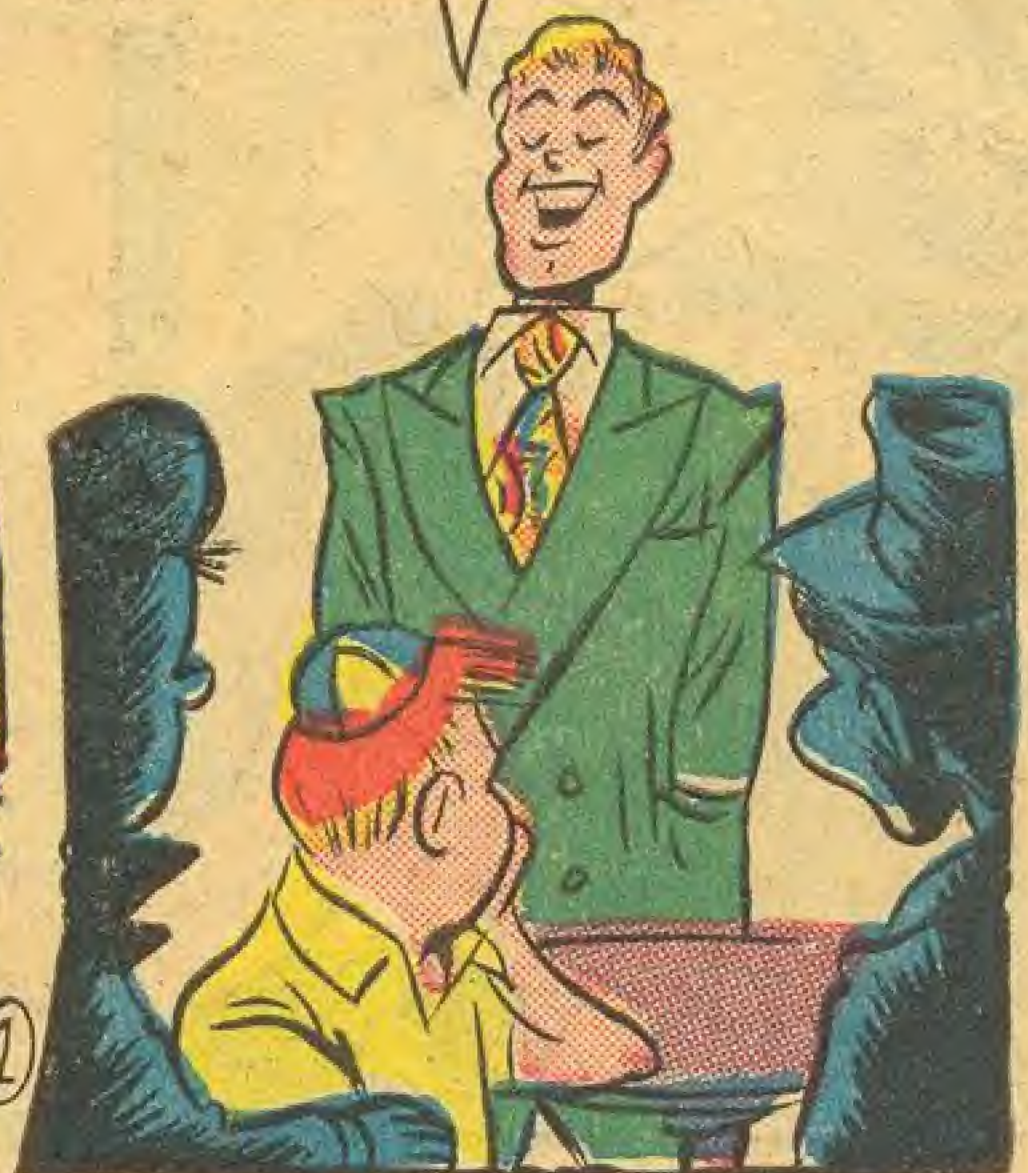


WHEN YER ASKED
TO A DAME'S PARTY,
YA GOTTA BRING
A PRESENT!

AN' SPECIALLY WHEN
THAT DAME IS
ANGELPUSS!

YEAH, YEAH -- I KNOW!
BUT WOT CAN YA GIVE
HER THAT SHE AIN'T GOT?
AH, ME IT'S A
PROBLEM....

HEH-HEH! FRET, M'LADS,
ABOUT YOUR SIMPLE BAUBLES--
WHILST I GO FORTH TO PURCHASE
A GIFT OF RARE CHARM, RIVALING
EVEN THE CHARM OF MY
OWN PERSONALITY!

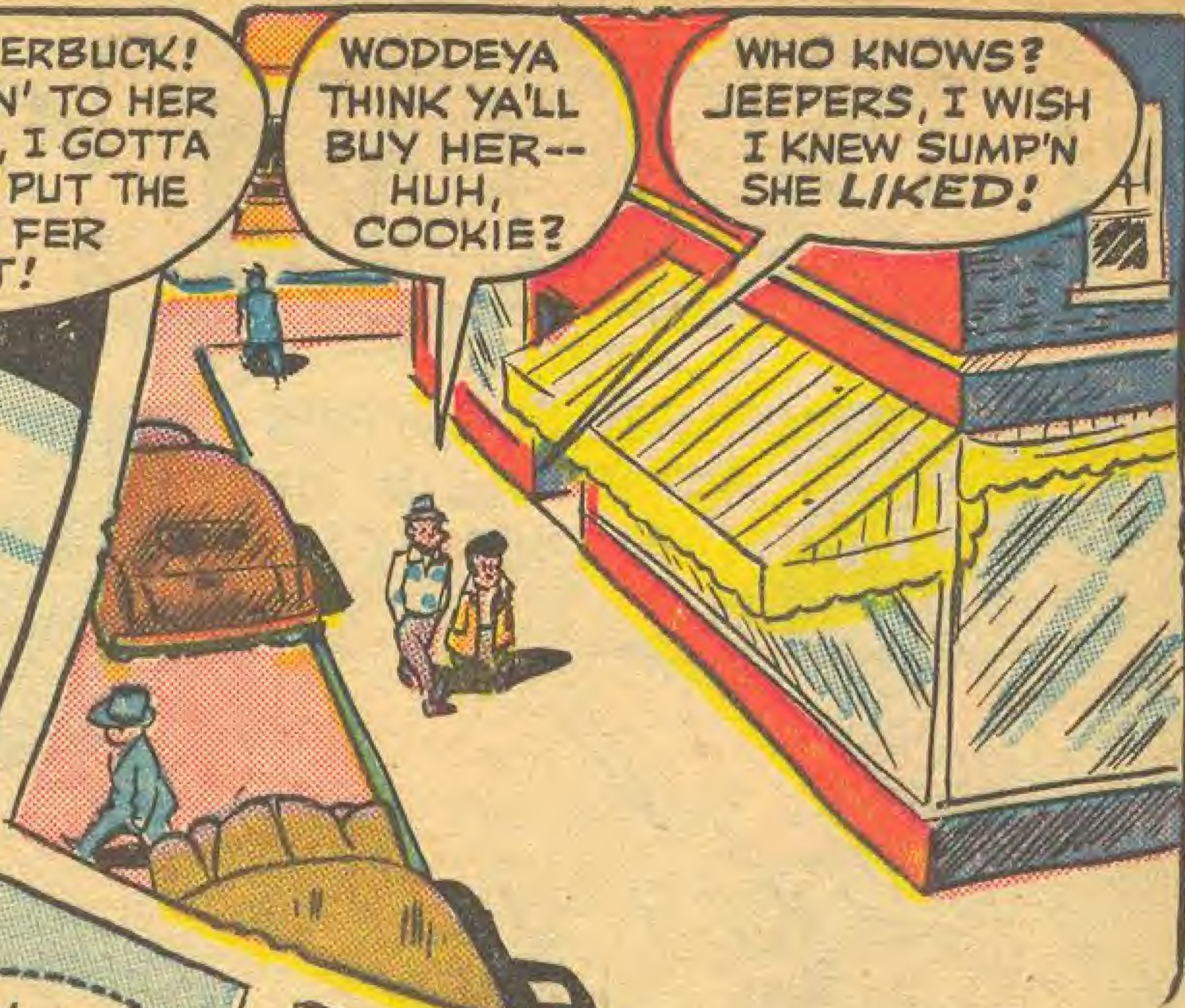
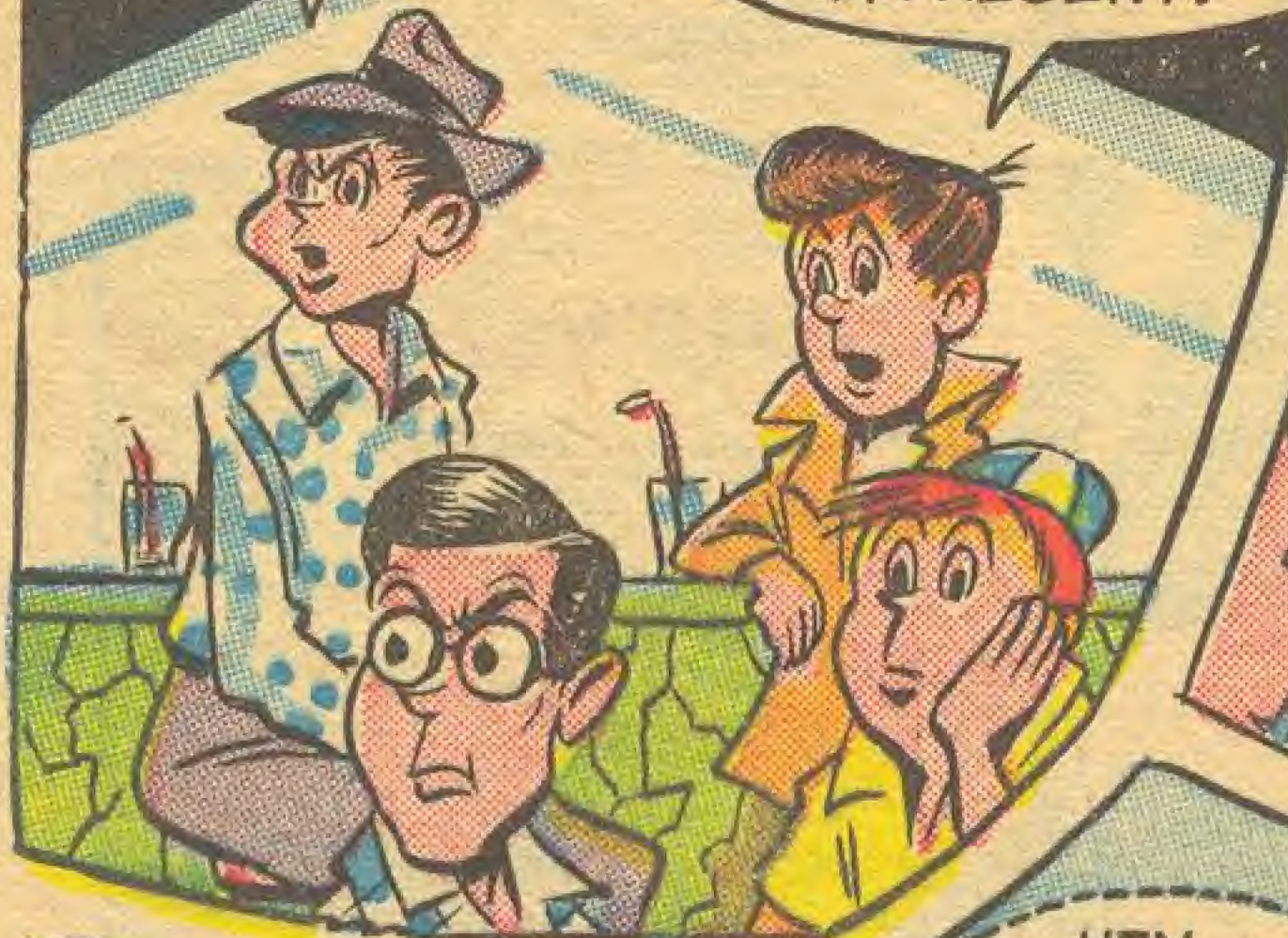


PHOOEY! THE
CONCEIT O' THAT
GUY ZOOT TURNS
ME STUMMICK!

YEH, ME TOO, JITTERBUCK!
WELL, IF I'M GOIN' TO HER
PARTY TONIGHT, I GOTTA
SCRAM HOME AN' PUT THE
TOUCH ON POP FER
A PRESENT!

WODDEYA
THINK YA'LL
BUY HER--
HUH,
COOKIE?

WHO KNOWS?
JEEPERS, I WISH
I KNEW SUMP'N
SHE LIKED!



OH, HORTENSE!
JUST LOOK!

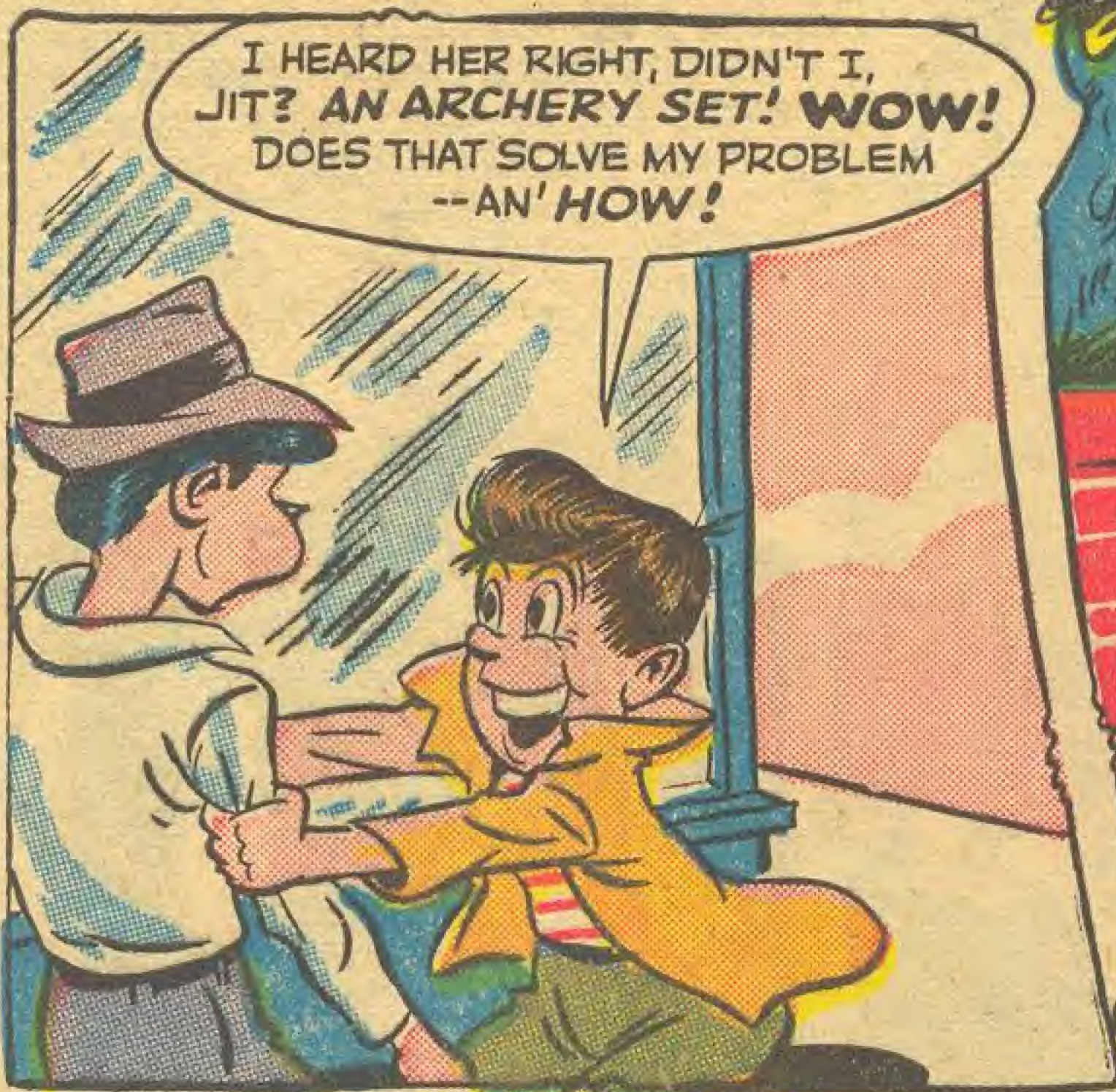
HEY,
LISTEN! THAT'S
ANGELPUSS!



ISN'T THAT TERRIF'?
AN ARCHERY SET--JUST
WHAT I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED!



I HEARD HER RIGHT, DIDN'T I,
JIT? AN ARCHERY SET! **WOW!**
DOES THAT SOLVE MY PROBLEM
--AN' HOW!



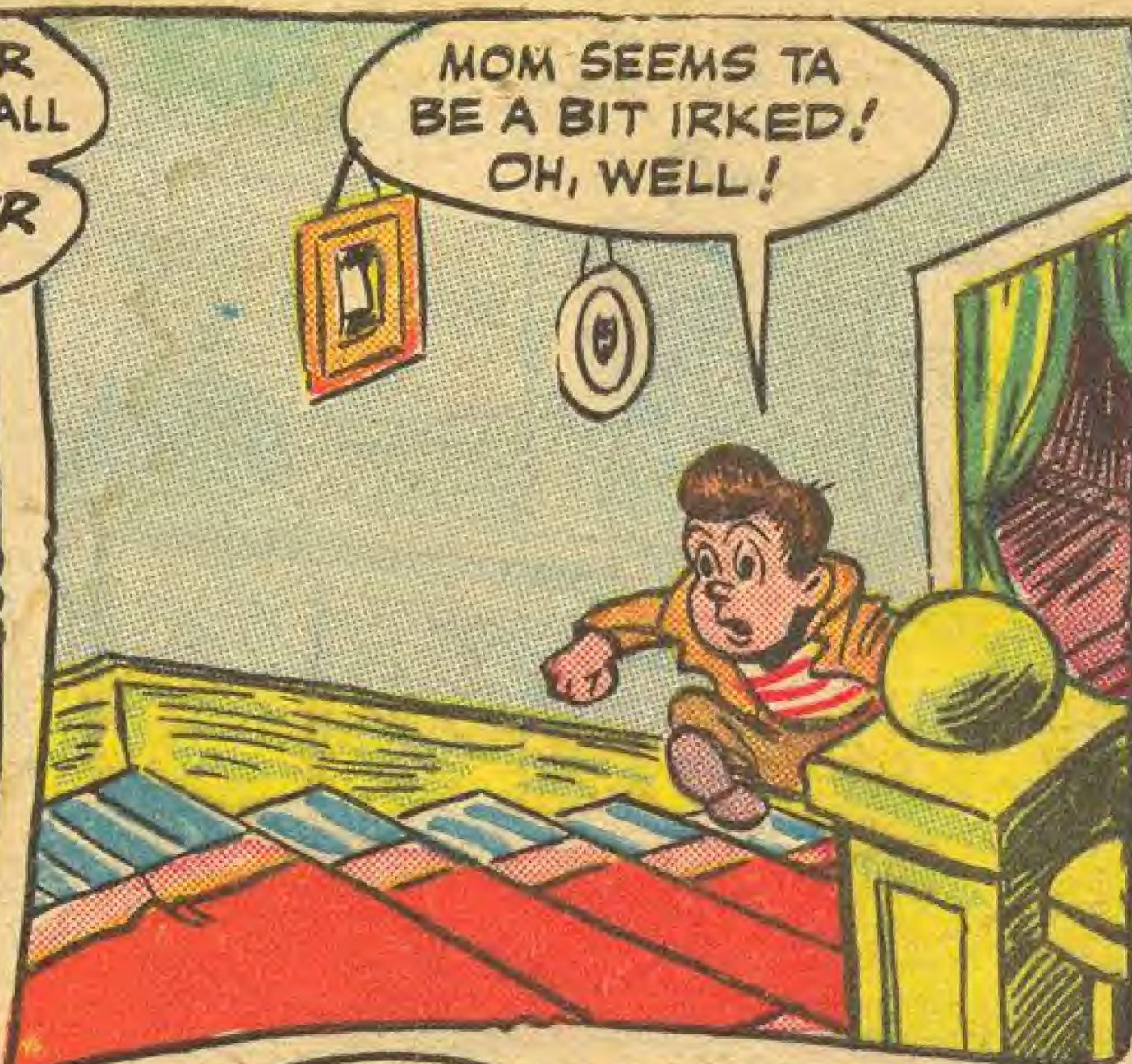
NOW IF I ONLY HAVE
HALF AS MUCH LUCK GETTIN'
SOME CASH FROM POP!
WHEE-EEE!





QUICK, MOM --
WHERE'S THE MASTER?
YOU KNOW -- YOUR
HUSBAND AN' MY
PATERNAL
ANCESTOR!

HUMPH! IF IT'S YOUR
FATHER YOU WANT, ALL
I'VE GOT TO SAY IS
THAT HE'D **BETTER**
BE IN HIS ROOM!



MOM SEEMS TA
BE A BIT IRKED!
OH, WELL!



KNOCK!
KNOCK!

HEY, POP! --
OPEN UP! IT'S
ME -- COOKIE!

GULP!



WOT'S UP?
WHY THE
BARRICADE
AN' STUFF?

COME IN, COME IN --
DON'T JUST
STAND
THERE!



I HATE TO ADMIT
IT, SON, BUT I --ER--
GOT IN A BIT LATE LAST
NIGHT! AND YOUR
MOTHER --ER-- IS
NOT A VERY
FORGIVING
PERSON!

BOY, HAVE I GOT
AN **IDEA!** I BET
SHE'D FORGIVE
YA IF YA GAVE
HER SUMP'N NICE
--ER-- A SORT O'
PEACE-OFFERIN'!



HEY -- MAYBE YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING THERE!
BUT I DON'T DARE STIR
OUT OF HERE --- YOU'LL
HAVE TO DO THE
SHOPPING
FOR ME!



NOW -- **JUST** IN
CASE ANY O' THIS
IS LEFT -- COULD I --
--AH-- BUY A PRESENT
FER ANGELPUSS?

OF COURSE, OF
COURSE! JUST BE
SURE YOU GET SOME-
THING **NICE** FOR
YOUR MOTHER!



Many tense moments later...

RELAX, POP!
HERE'S THE
DELIVERY
MAN
NOW!

THANK GOODNESS!
UNLESS I CAN GET YOUR
MOTHER CALMED DOWN,
IT'S CURTAINS!

THE BELL! GET DOWN
THERE AN' DO YOUR STUFF
NOW, BEFORE MA GETS
OVER BEIN' DELIGHTED!

UMMM...

RRINNNG!

HMMM...
I WONDER
WHAT THIS
CAN BE!

THAT, M'DEAR, IS
BUT A LITTLE TOKEN
OF MY DEEP AND
ENDURING LOVE
FOR YOU! A-HEM!

NO! NO!
MA -- PLEASE!
NOT THAT!
OW-WWW!

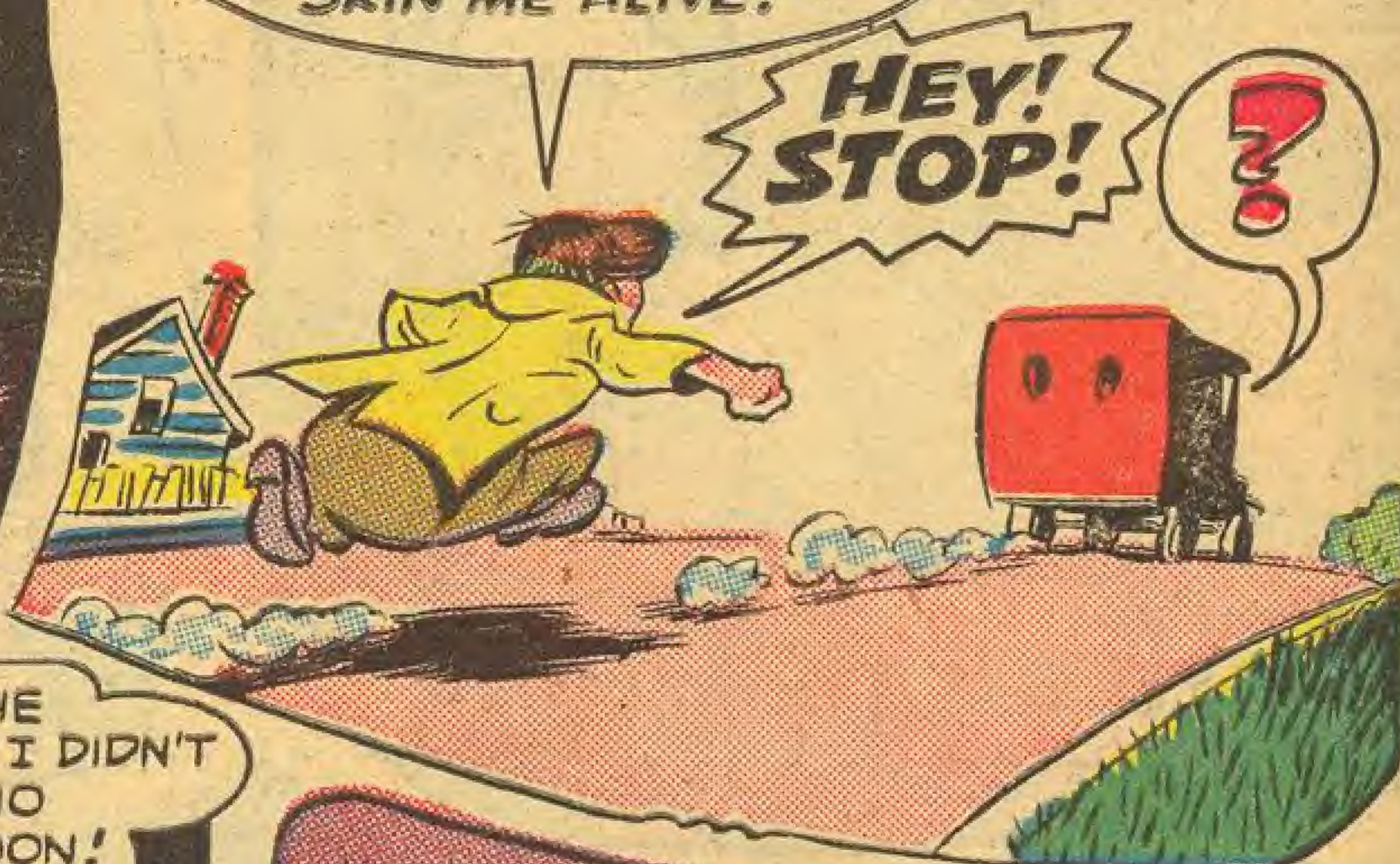
ULP!

FWOINNNGG!

BUT W-WOT HAPPENED? THAT CLERK KNEW THE RING WUZ FER MOM -- AN' THE ARCHERY SET FER ANGELPUSS -- AN' SHE WUZ TA PUT THE RING IN WITH THE FLOWERS -- AN' -- AN' ----

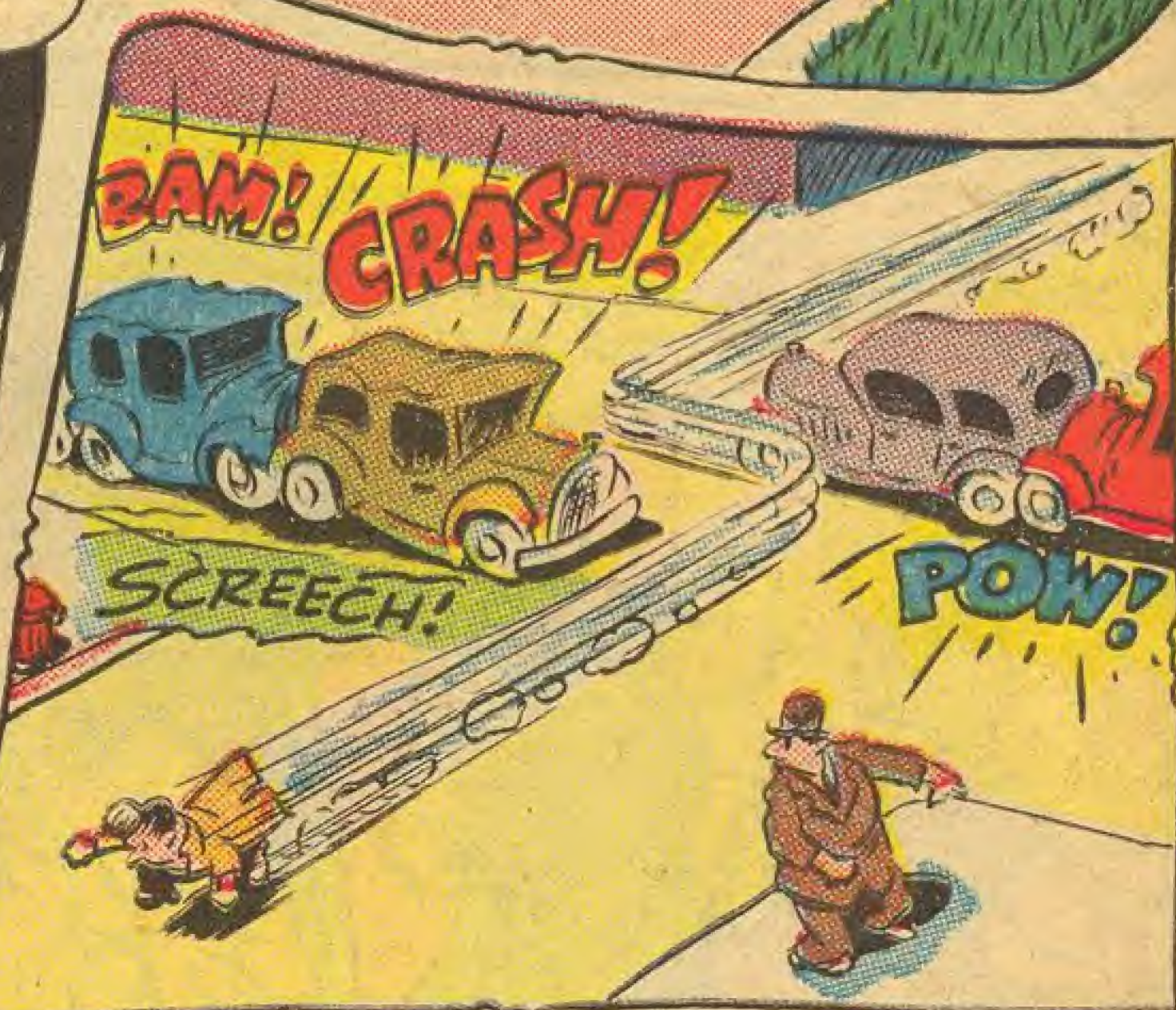
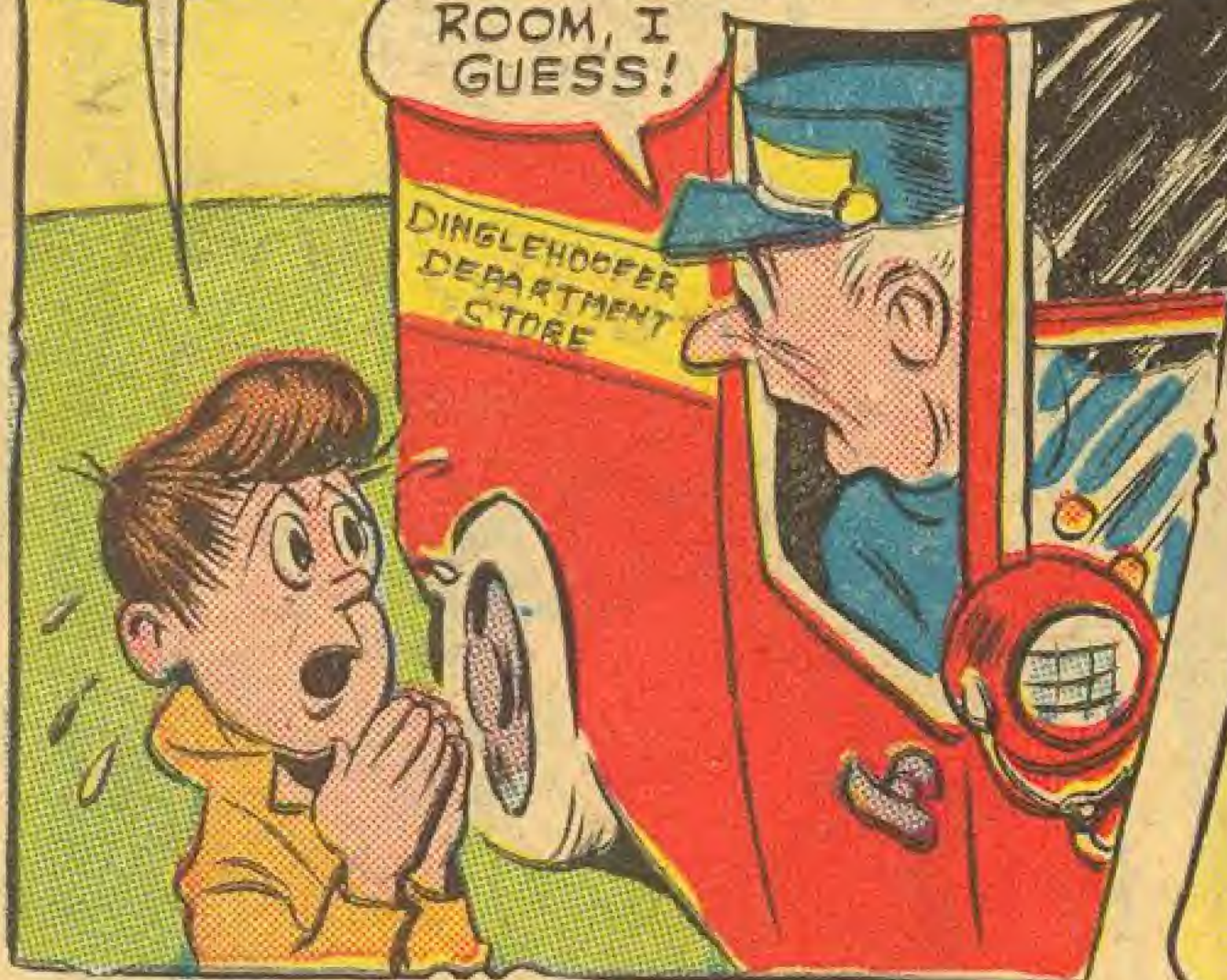


H-HOLY LEAPIN' LIMA B-BEANS! I'LL BET THEY GOT THE P-PACKAGES SWITCHED! I GOTTA GET THE RING AN' THOSE FLOWERS BACK BEFORE THEY'RE DELIVERED TA ANGELPUSS, OR POP'LL SKIN ME ALIVE!



BUT---

I'M TELLIN' YA THE TRUCK'S EMPTY -- AN' I DIDN'T MAKE NO DELIVERY TA NO ANGELPUSS WITHERSPOON! IT'S STILL IN THE SHIPPIN' ROOM, I GUESS!



THE SHIPPING ROOM!

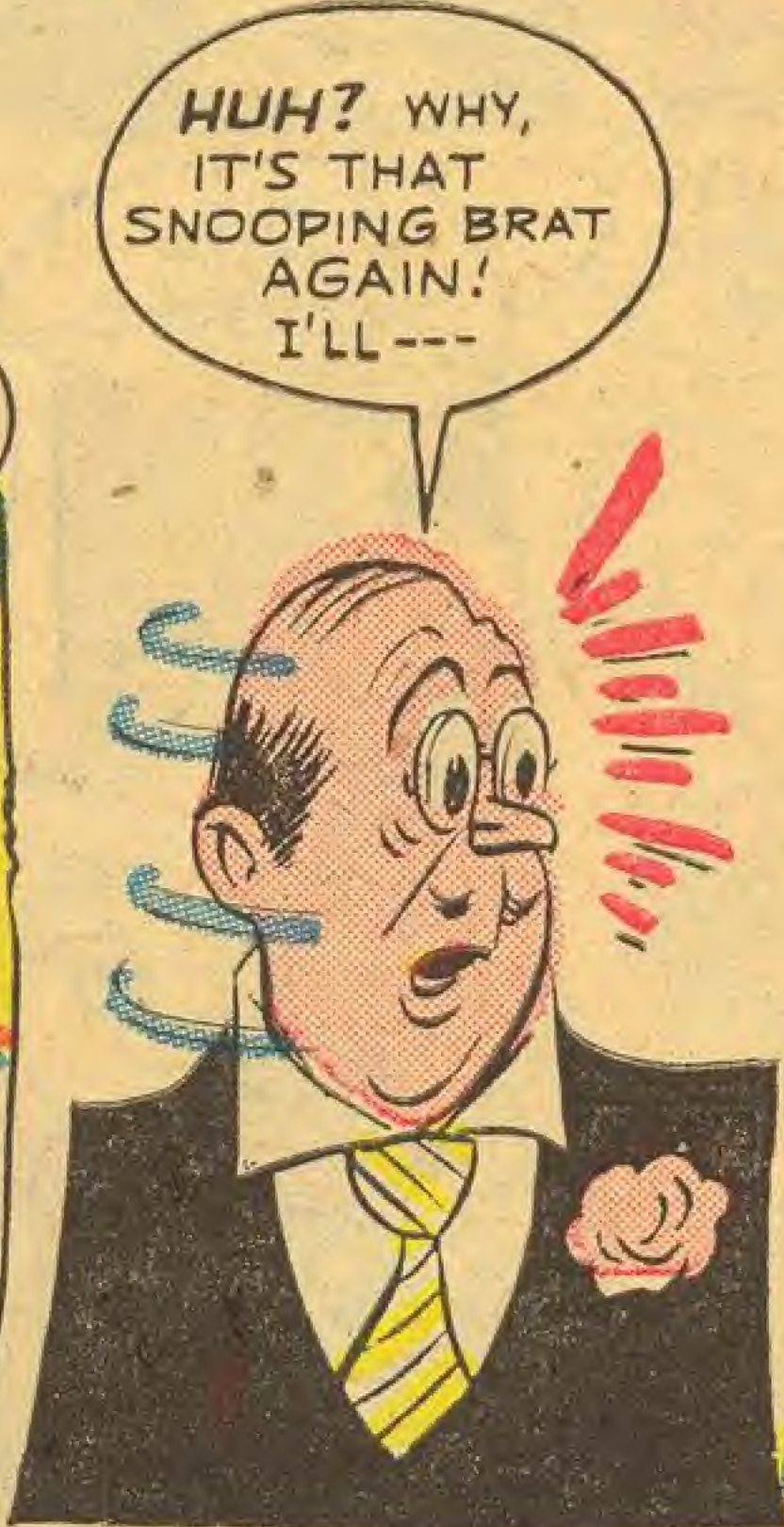
WOT THE--!

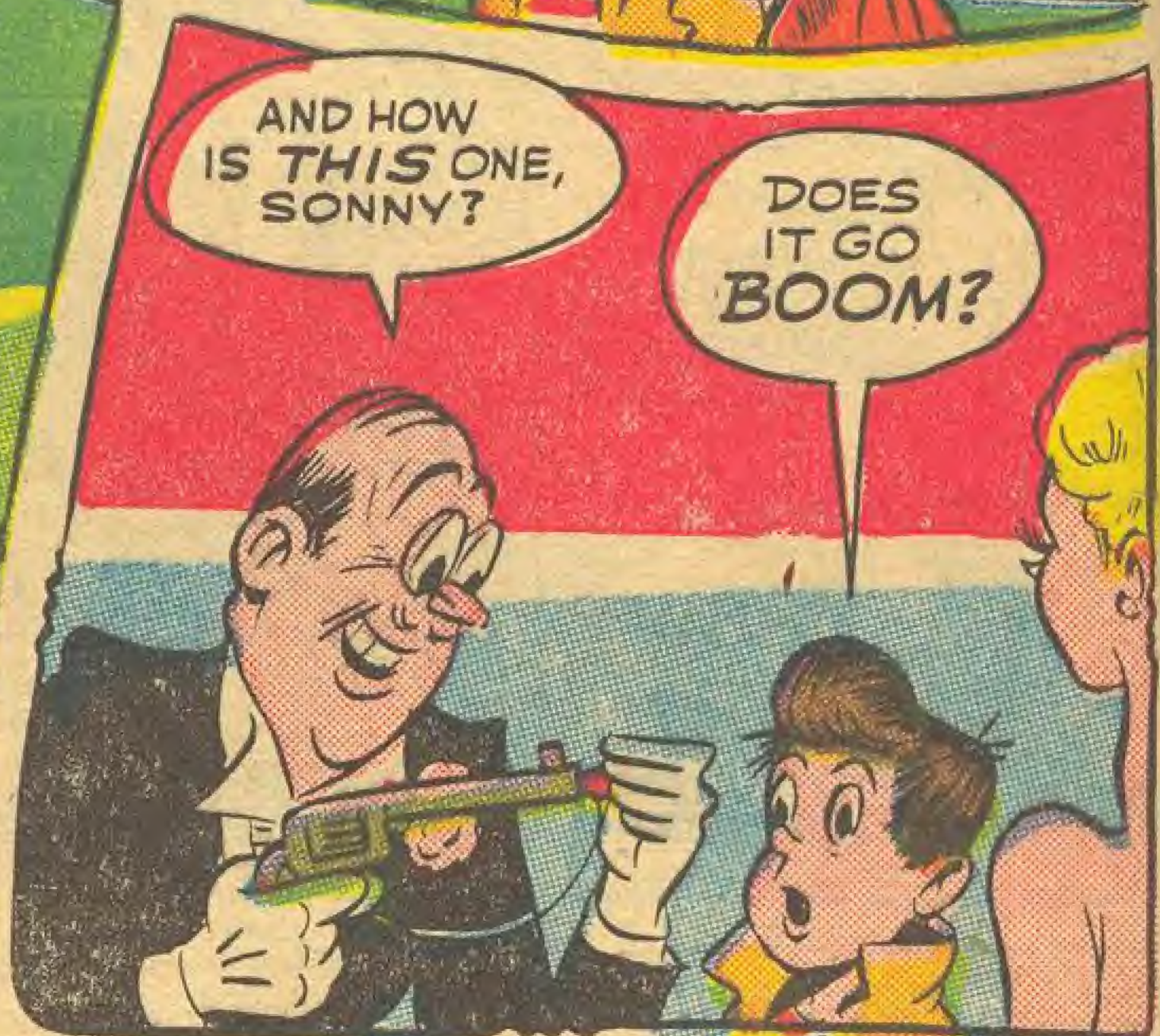
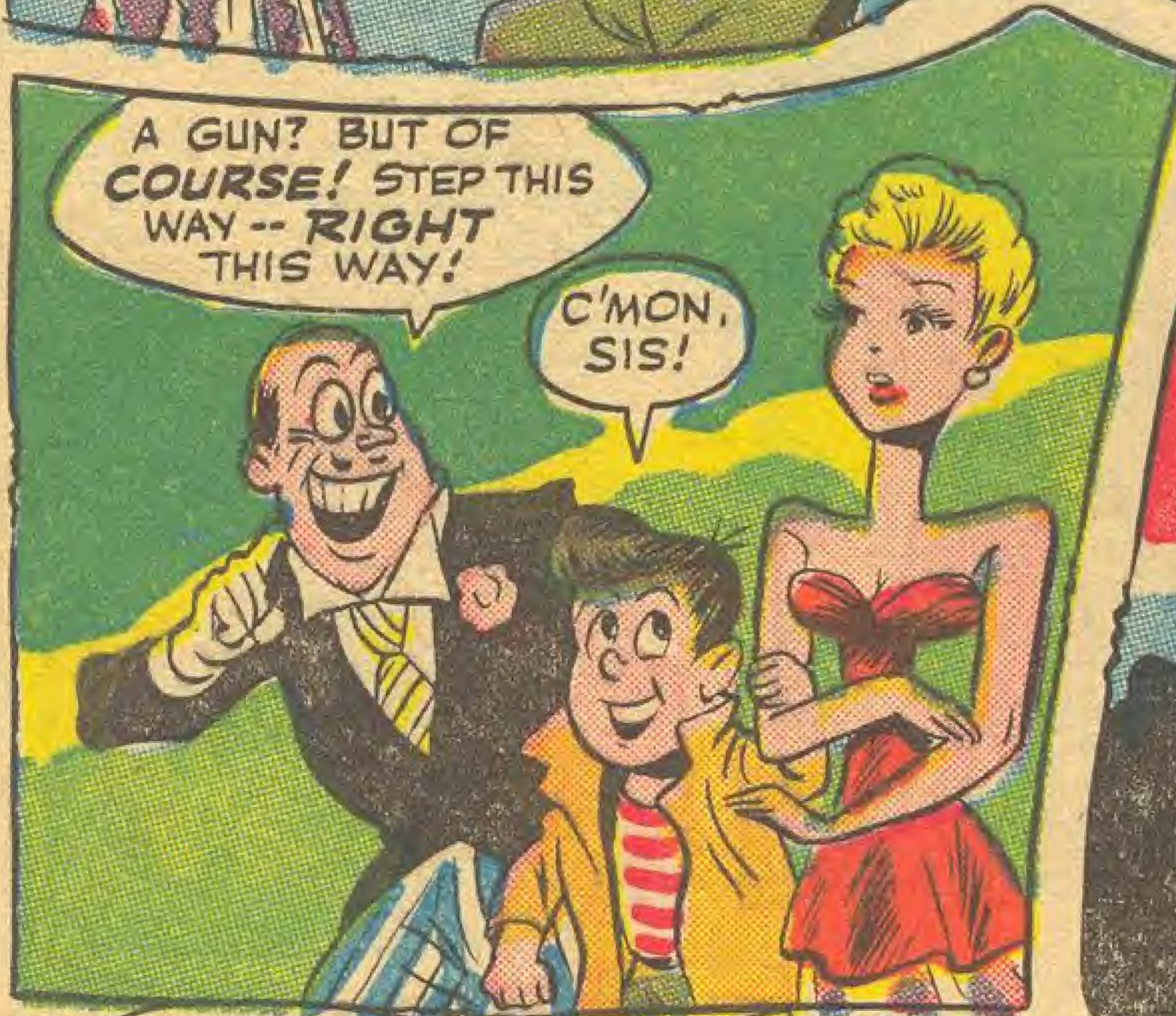
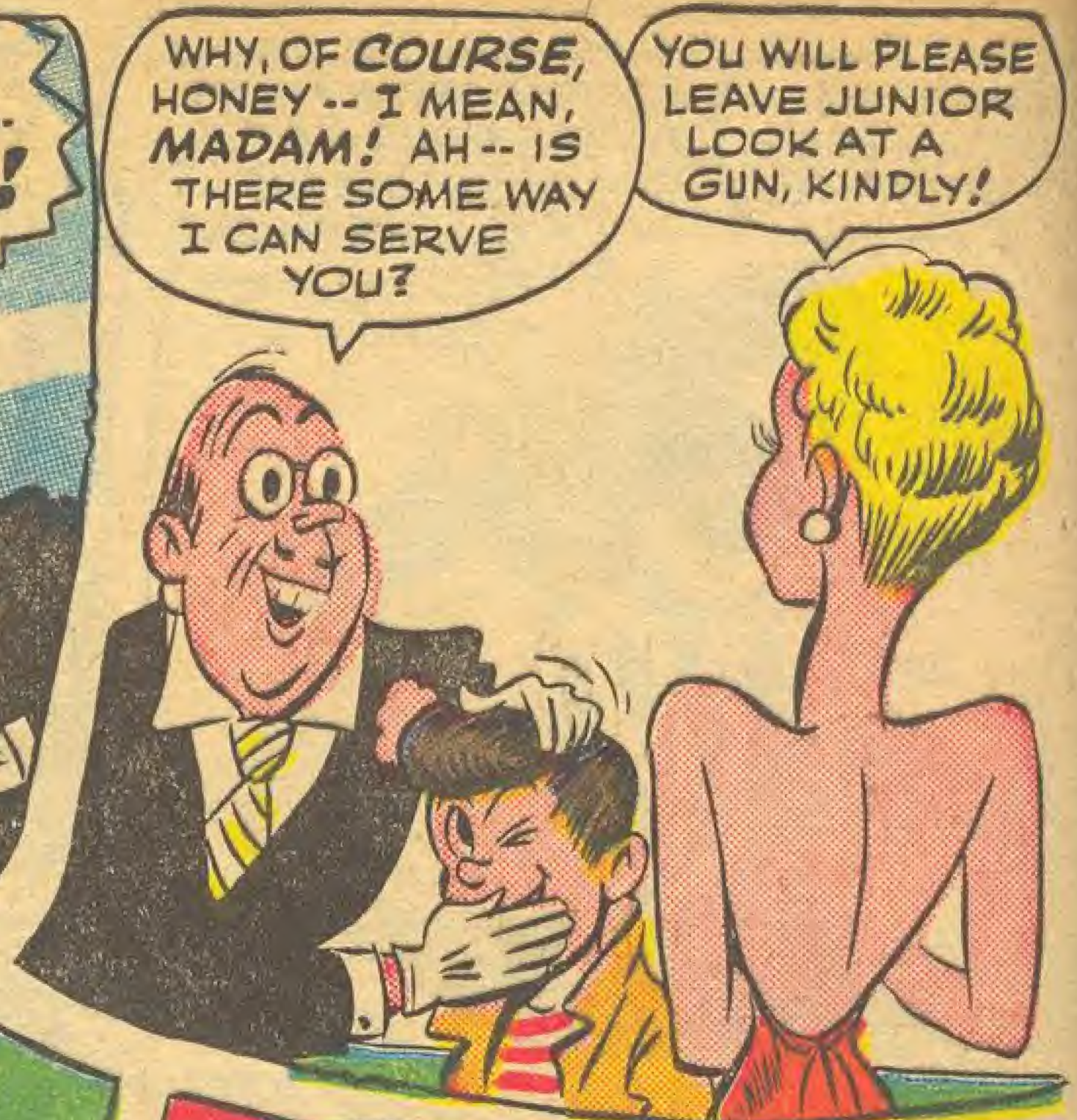


MR. FROBISHER -- COME QUICK! THERE'S A MANIAC IN THE SHIPPING ROOM!

GOTTA FIND IT --- I GOTTA --- I JUST GOTTA!





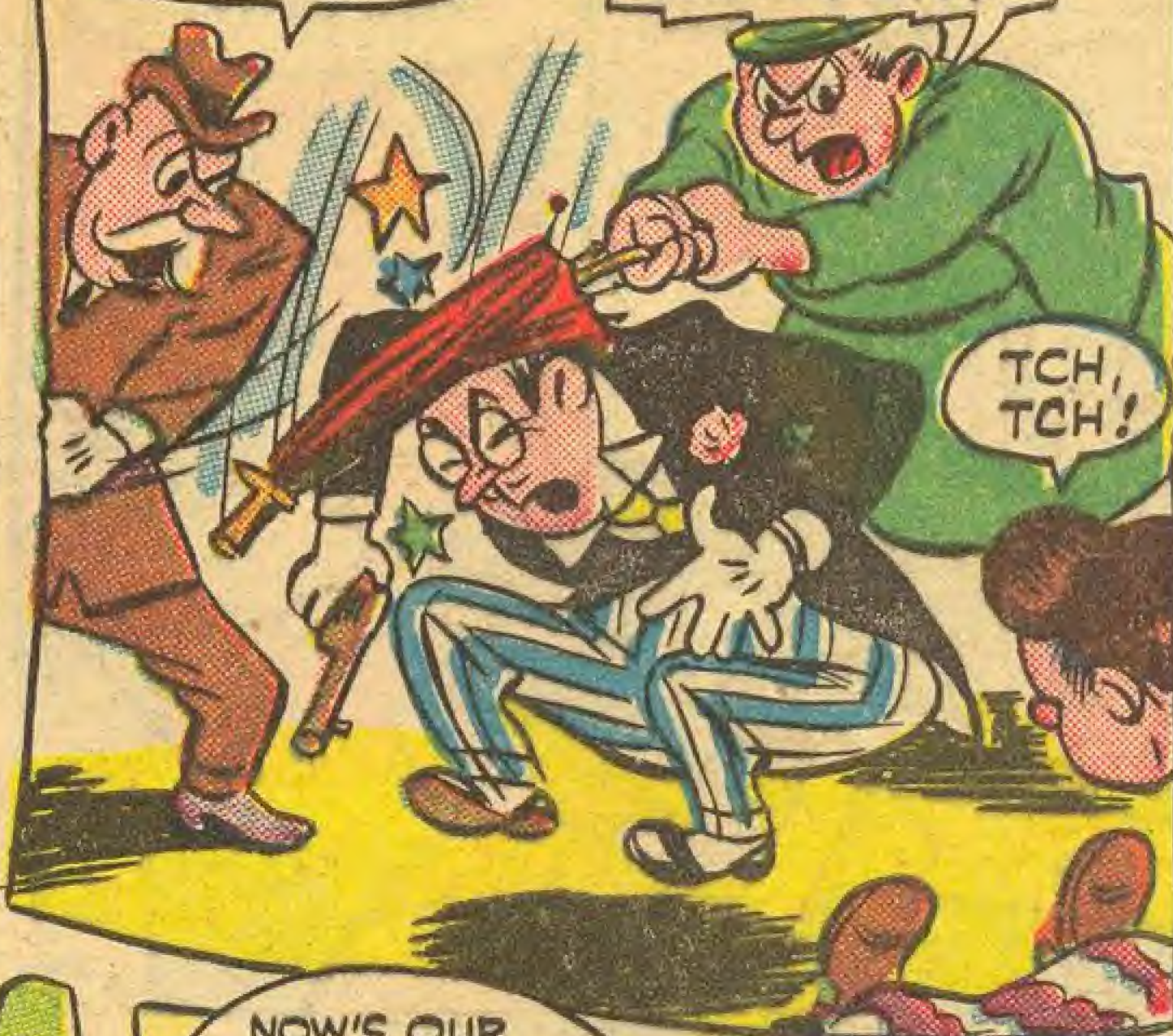


HALP, SOMEBODY! THIS CRUEL FLOORWALKER HAS SHOT MY POOR SISTER! OH-HHHHH!



ASSASSIN!

FIEND! DROP THAT GUN!

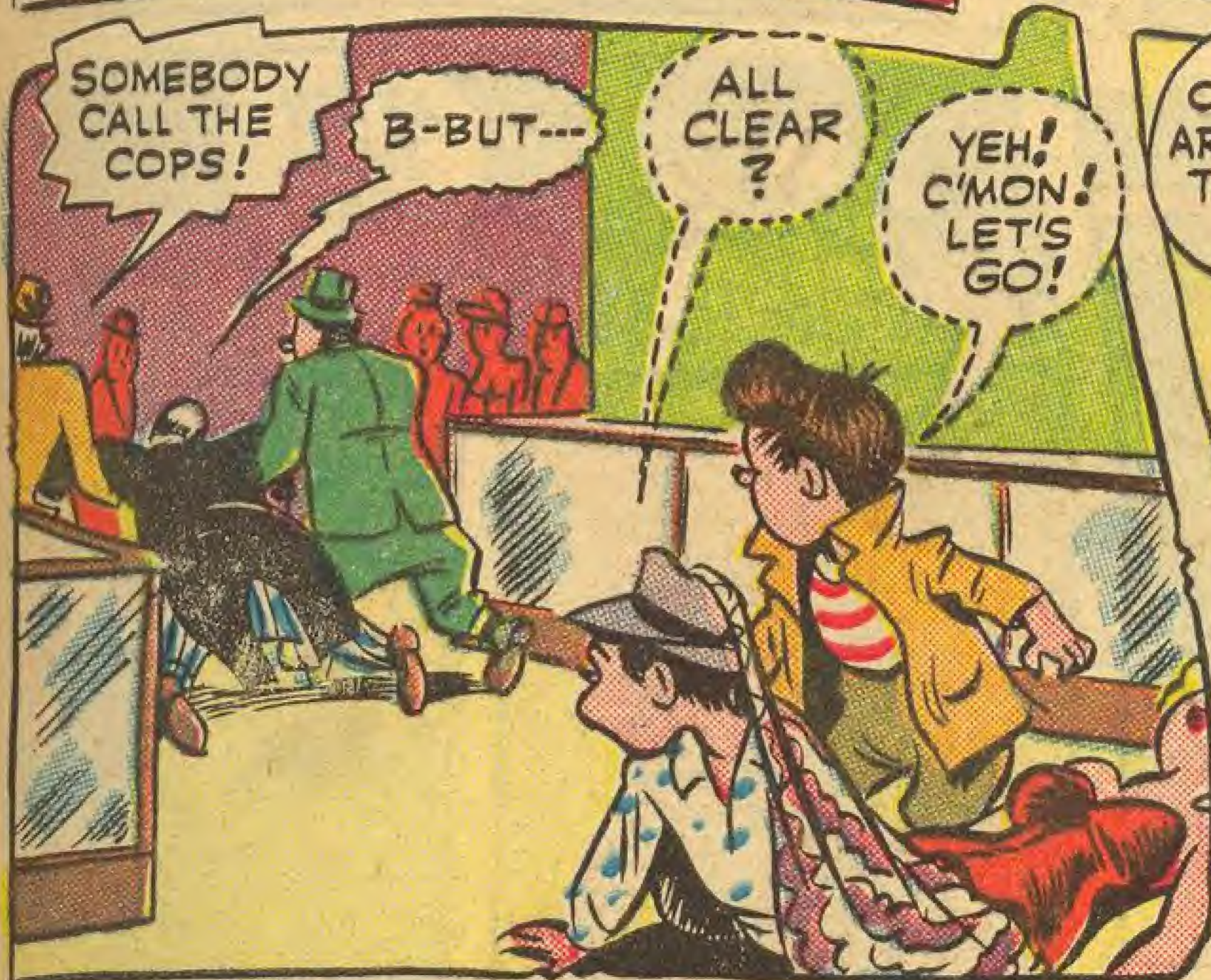


SOMEBODY CALL THE COPS!

B-BUT---

ALL CLEAR?

YEH! C'MON! LET'S GO!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE TA LOOK AROUND WHILE ALL THE HELP IS SO EXCITED!

SHIPPING ROOM

LIKE YOU SAY! HURRY UP!



WHY, IT'S ONLY A DUMMY!

I TELL YOU, OFFICER, IT'S A RUSE TO GET TIME TO ROB THE STORE!

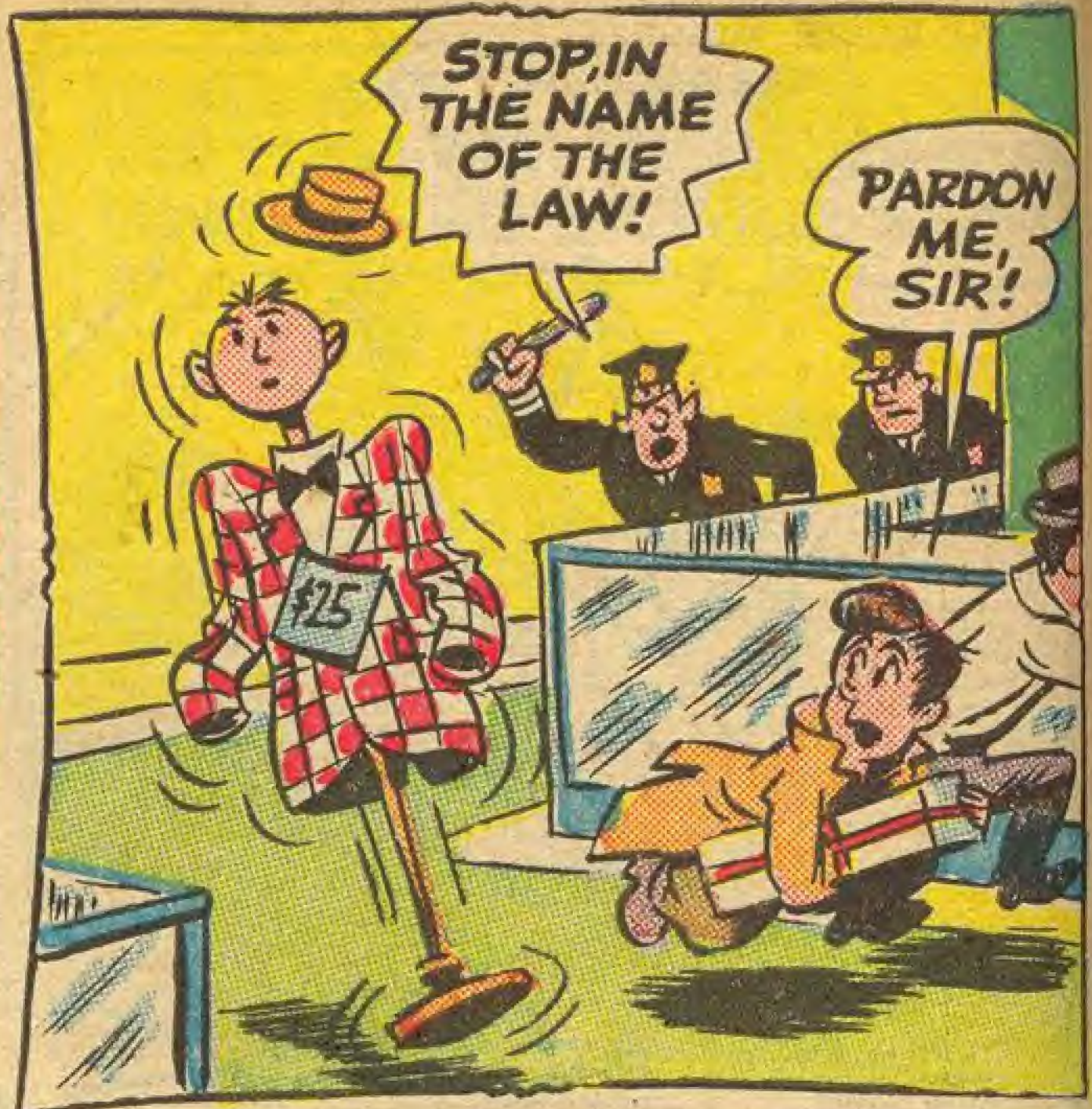
YER RIGHT! CALL OUT THE SQUAD, MURPHY!

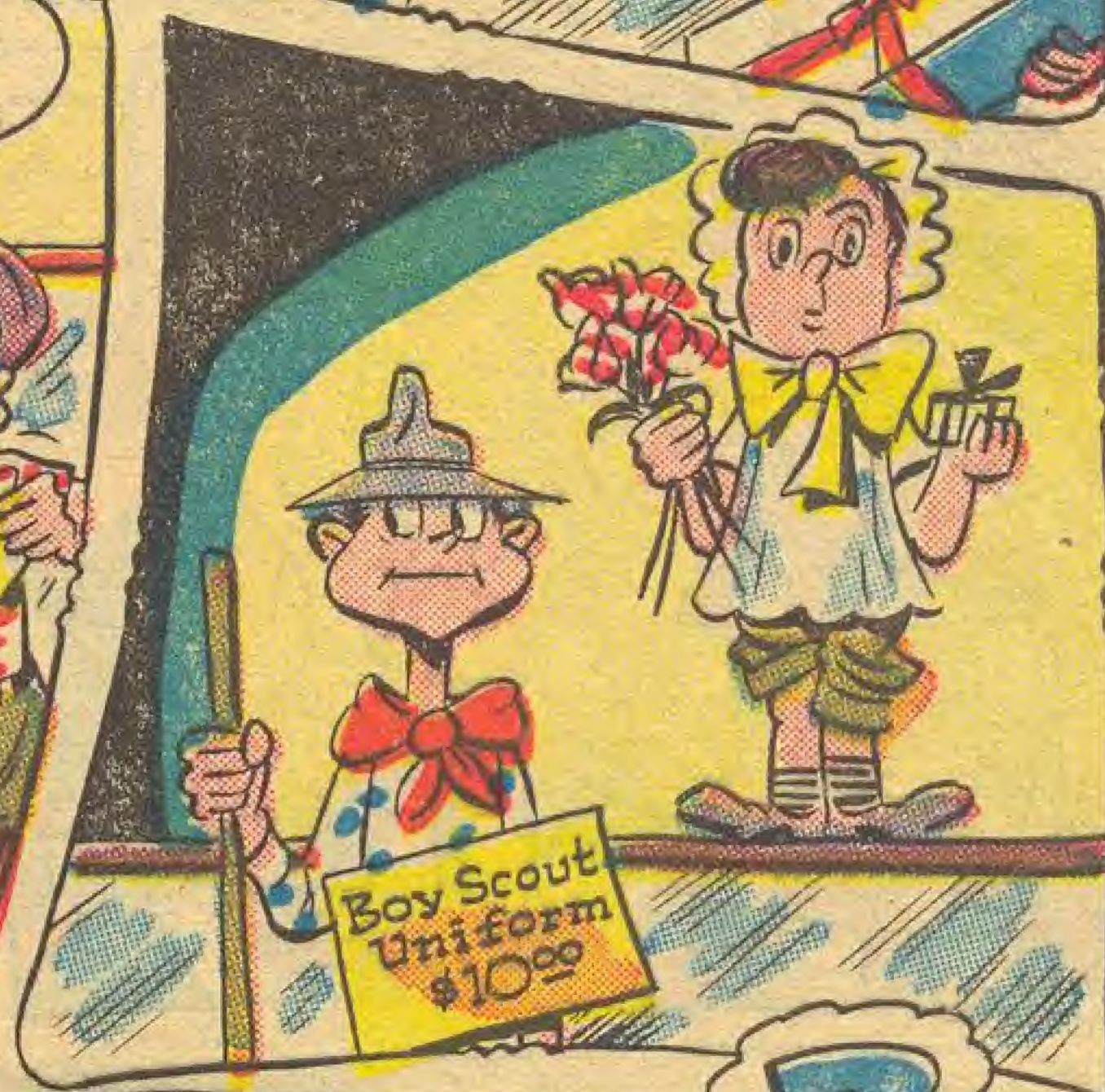
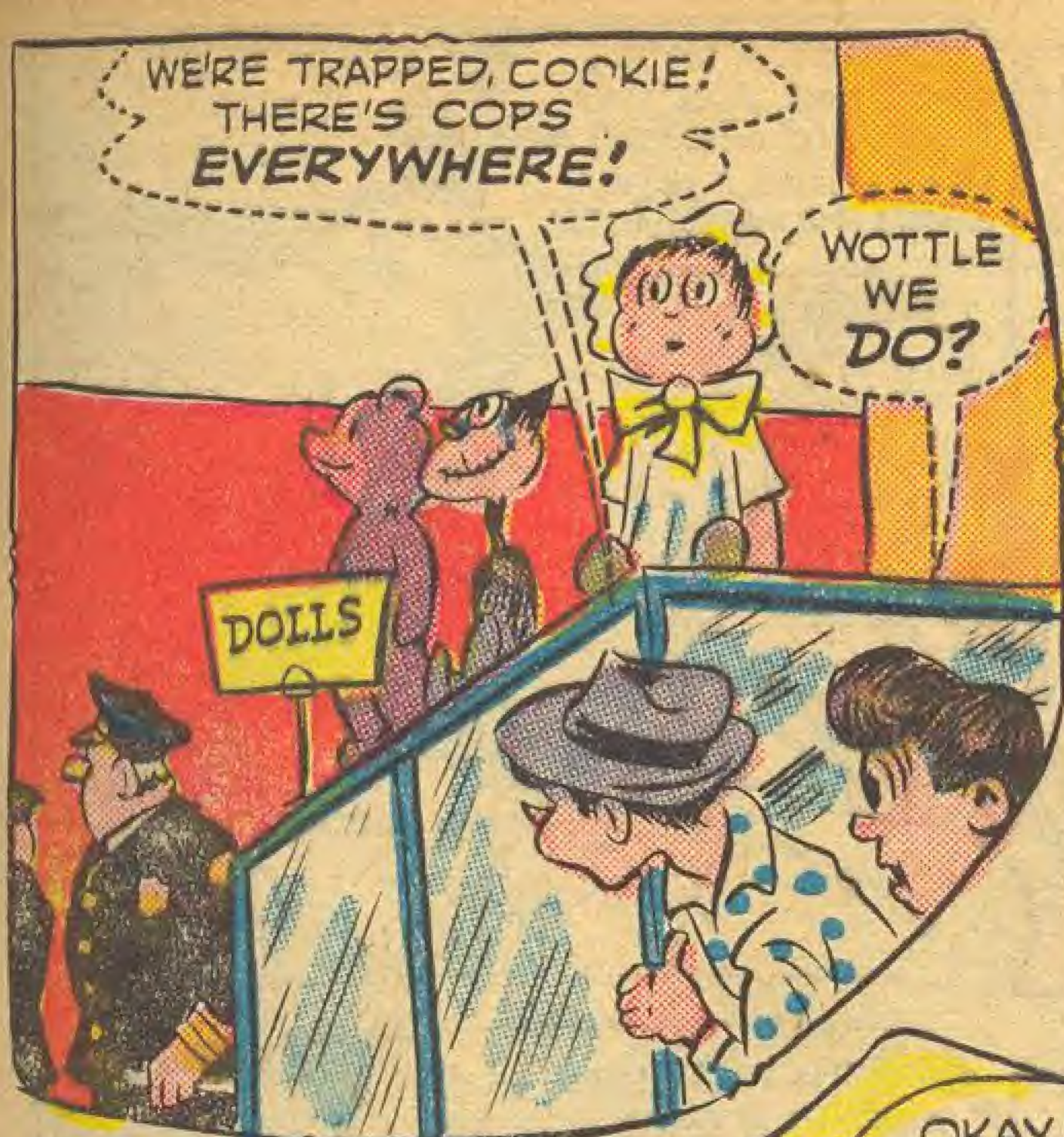


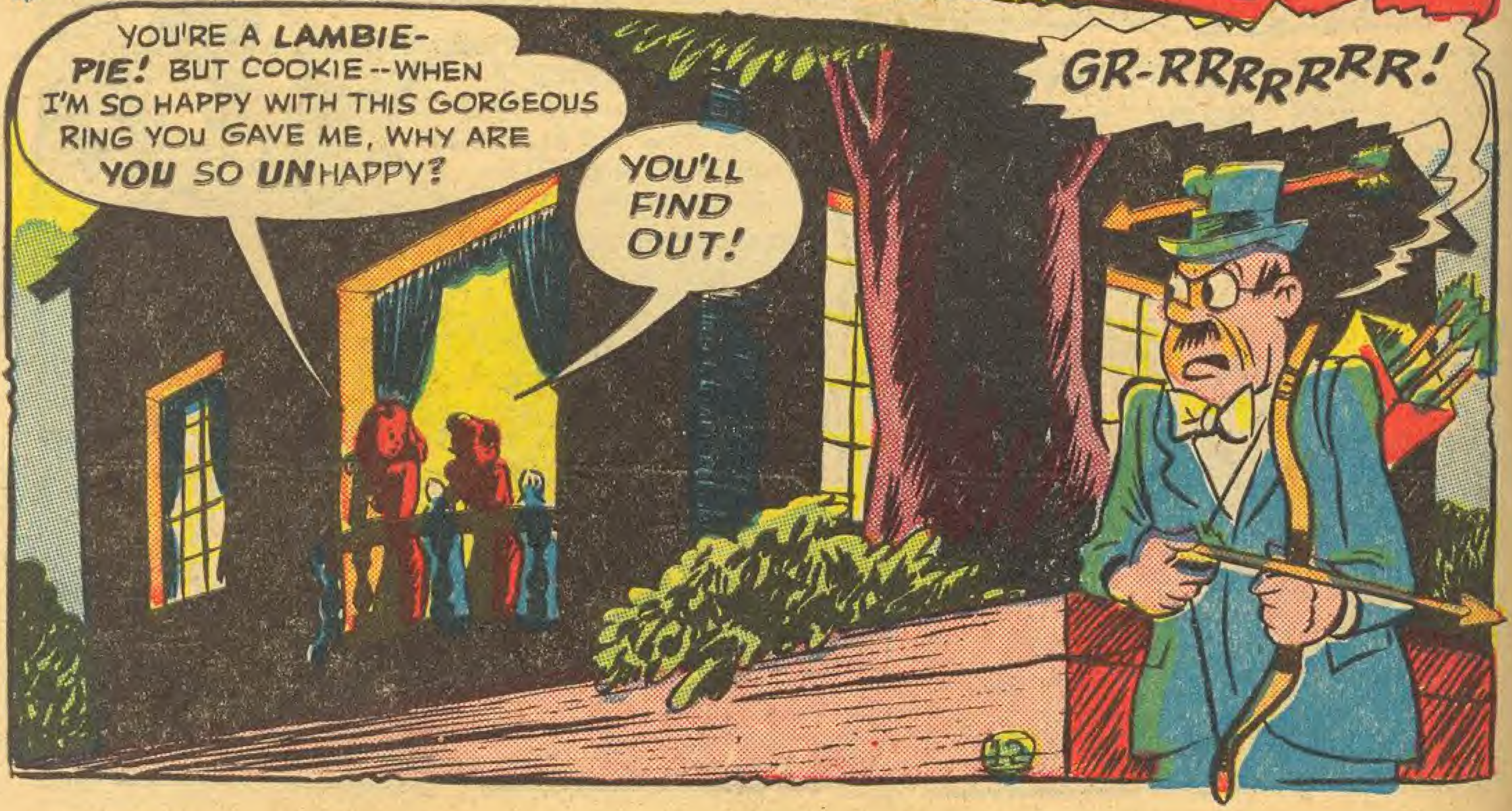
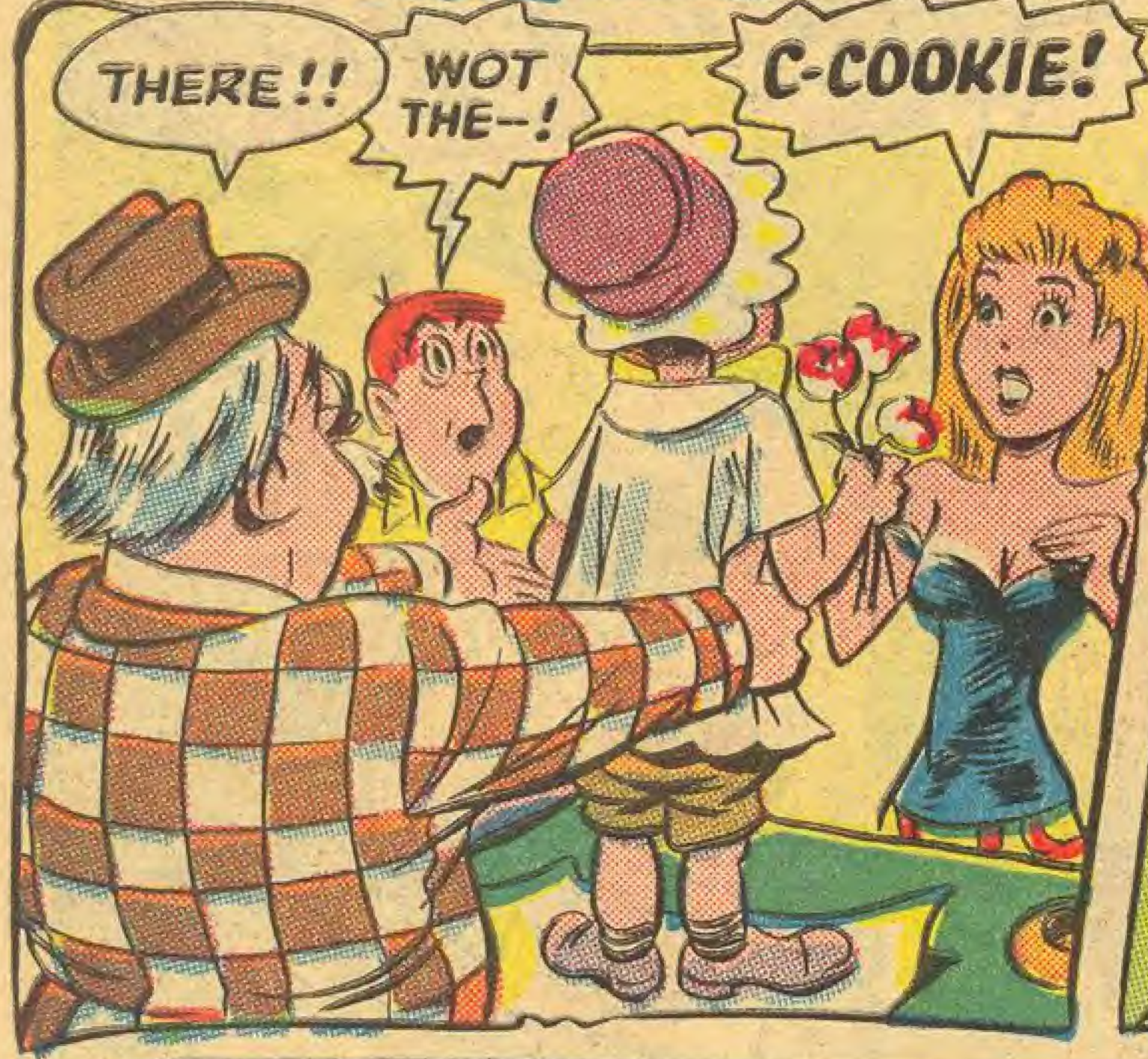
YER SURE THAT'S IT?

YEP--IT'S GOT ANGELPUSS'S ADDRESS ON IT! LET'S GET HOME BEFORE MOM BUSTS ALL THE ARROWS IN THE ARCHERY SET ON POP!



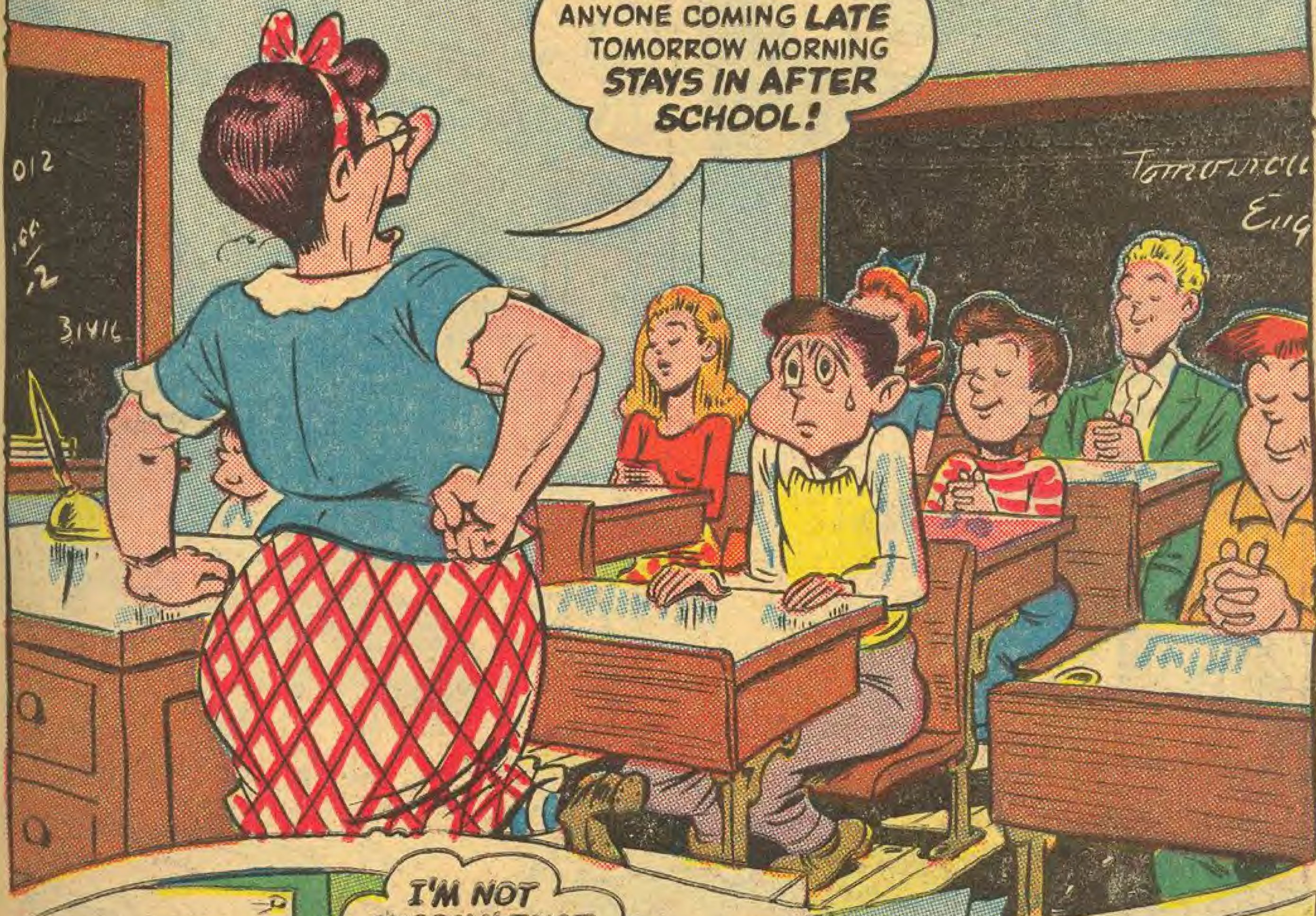






JITTERBUCK

SO I REPEAT...
ANYONE COMING **LATE**
TOMORROW MORNING
STAYS IN AFTER
SCHOOL!

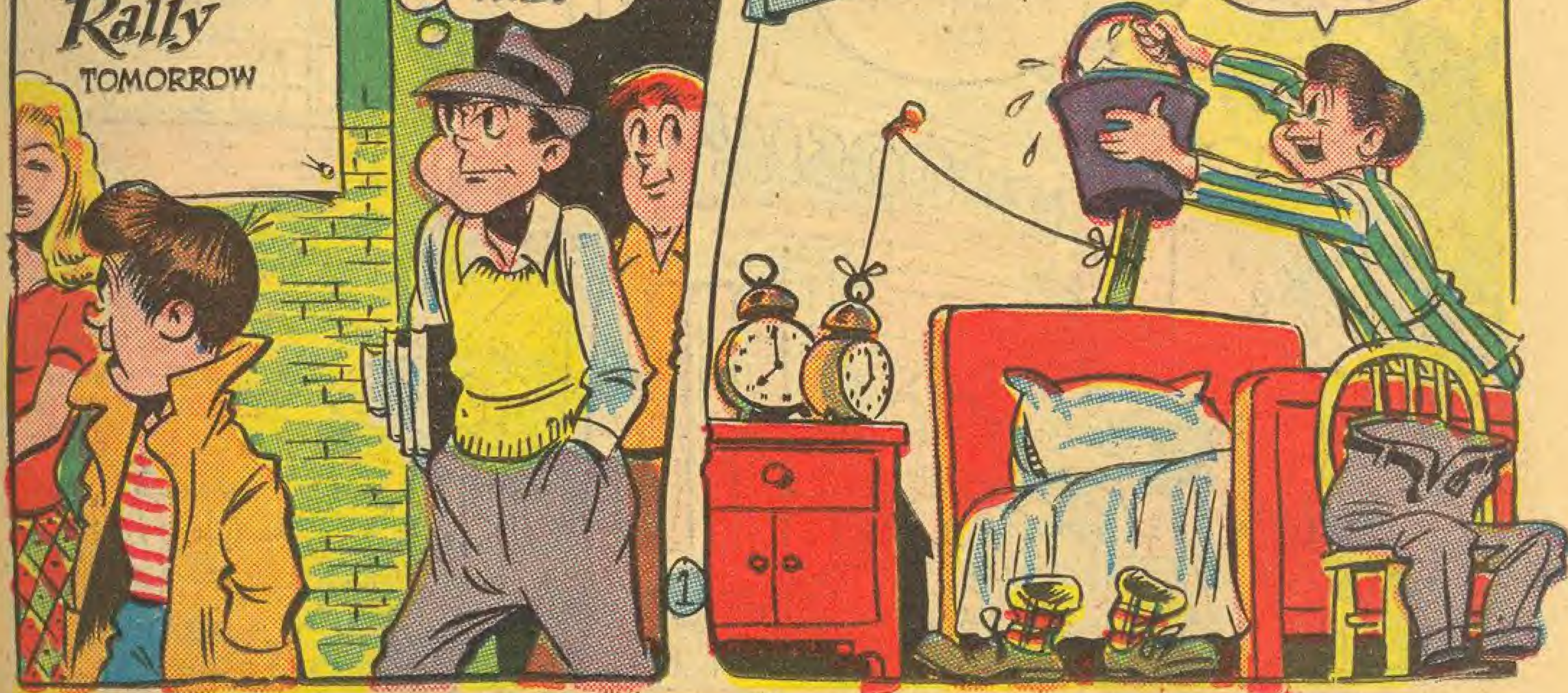


HARELIP
HIGH
Football
Rally
TOMORROW

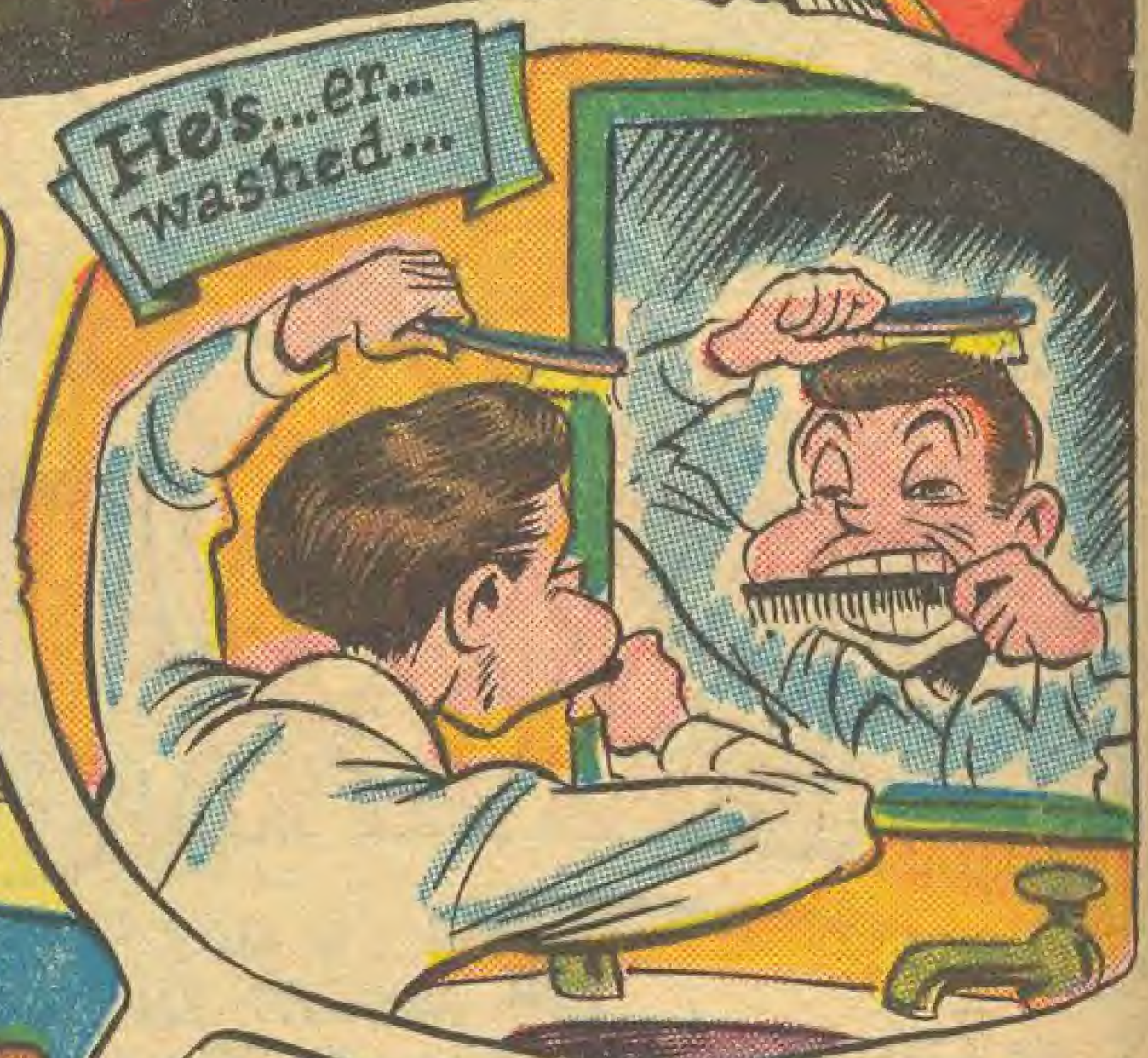
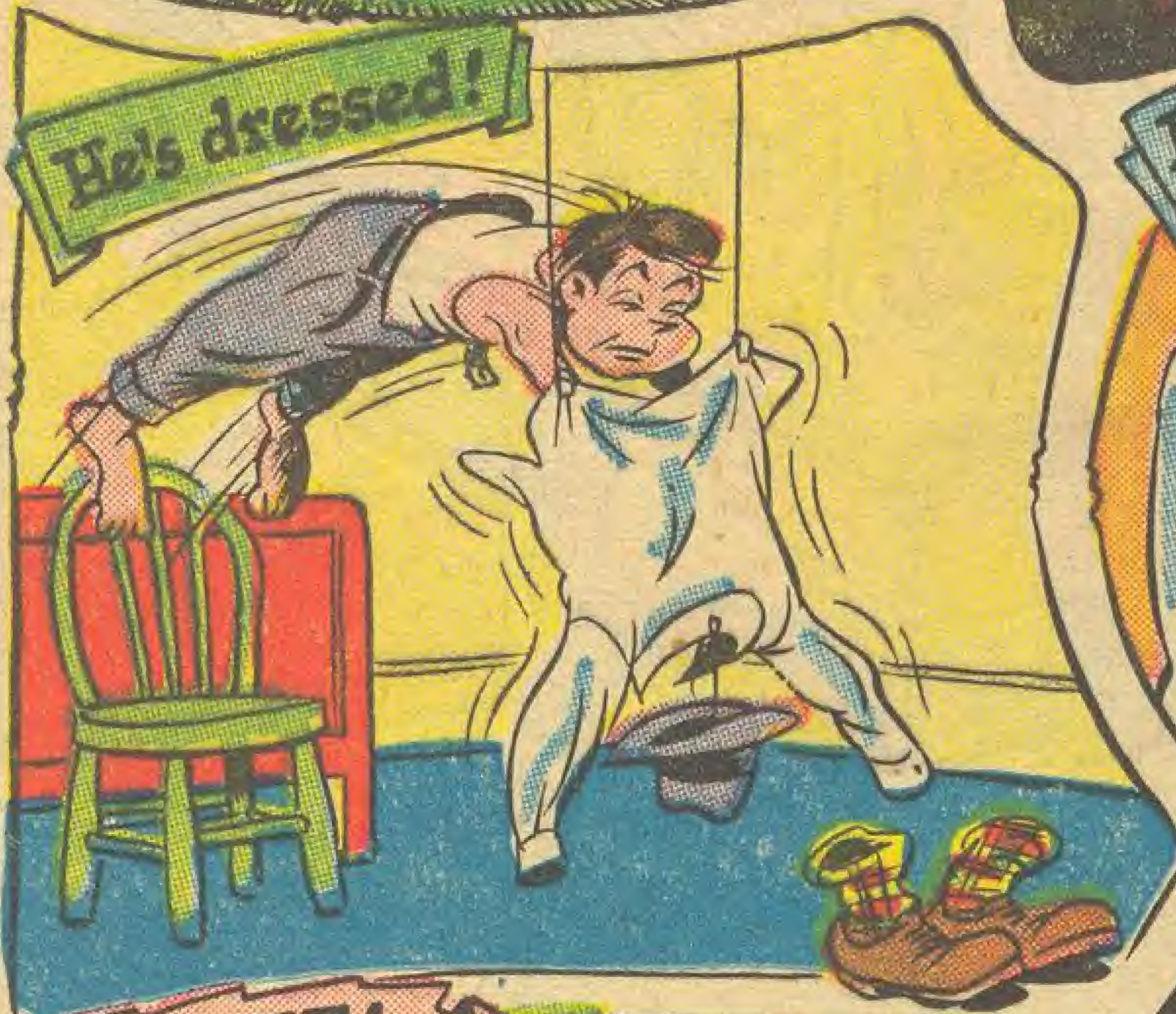
I'M NOT
MISSIN' THAT
RALLY! I'LL BE
ON TIME T'MORRA
IF IT **KILLS**
ME!

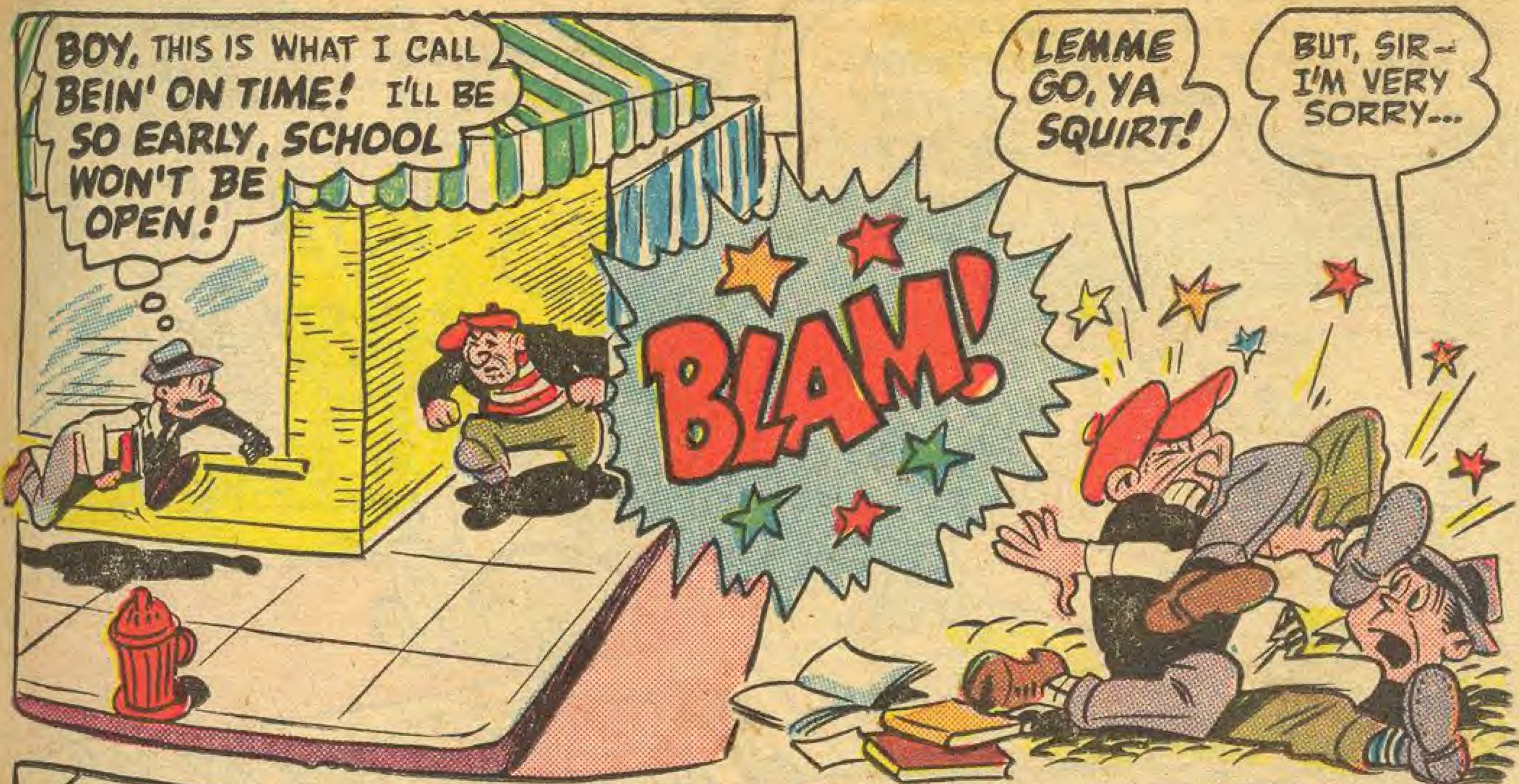
It's an
EAGER BEAVER,
folks!

IF THIS DOESN'T
GET ME UP IN TIME,
NOTHING
WILL!



Next A.M. -- when the sun tints the skies and birds leave their downy nests...







GOSH! WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE GIRL?

I'M PATRICIA CARTERSNOOT-- AND I'M LOSTED!
BOO-HOO!



DON'T CRY, KID! I'LL TAKE YA HOME!



MY BABY! MY LITTLE GIRL!

YOUNG MAN, COME BACK! I HAVE A REWARD FOR YOU!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'VE GOTTA GET TO SCHOOL!



PUFF... HERE I AM... PANT... MISS BIBBLESNICKER... I MADE IT!

JUST AS I ANTICIPATED... YOU ARE LATE!



HONEST, MISS BIBBLESNICKER, I STARTED OUT EARLY! BUT ON THE WAY TA SCHOOL, I CAPTURED CRIME-WAVE CORCORAN, SAVED AN OLD LADY FROM DEATH AN' FOUND THE CARTERSNOOT HEIRESS!

THAT IS THE MOST BARE-FACED LIE I'VE EVER HEARD! ...YOU'LL STAY AFTER SCHOOL!



And he DID!

FOLKS, I APPEAL TO YA... IS THERE ANY JUSTICE?

Trudy



COULD IT BE THAT ANY OF YOU CHICKS WOULD BE INTERESTED IN WHO'S COMING TO THE COLONIAL GARDENS NEXT?



MAIL JUMPIN' CA



HE ALWAYS PRESENTS AN AUTOGRAPHED ALBUM OF HIS PLATTERS TO THE GAL THAT HE CONSIDERS HAS THE MOST POISE!

U.S. VOICE AND ORCHESTRA
WILL CONDUCT HIS FAMOUS POISE CONTEST FOR TEEN AGE GIRLS

COLONIAL GARDENS SATURDAY MAY

THE ONLY POISE WE'VE GOT AROUND HERE ARE APPLE POISE, PUMPKIN POISE AND BLUEBERRY POISE! WHAT'LL YA HAVE?

OH-OH!

I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE - I'M AFRAID THAT CORNINESS IS CONTAGIOUS!

2 TJAW 2 TJAM

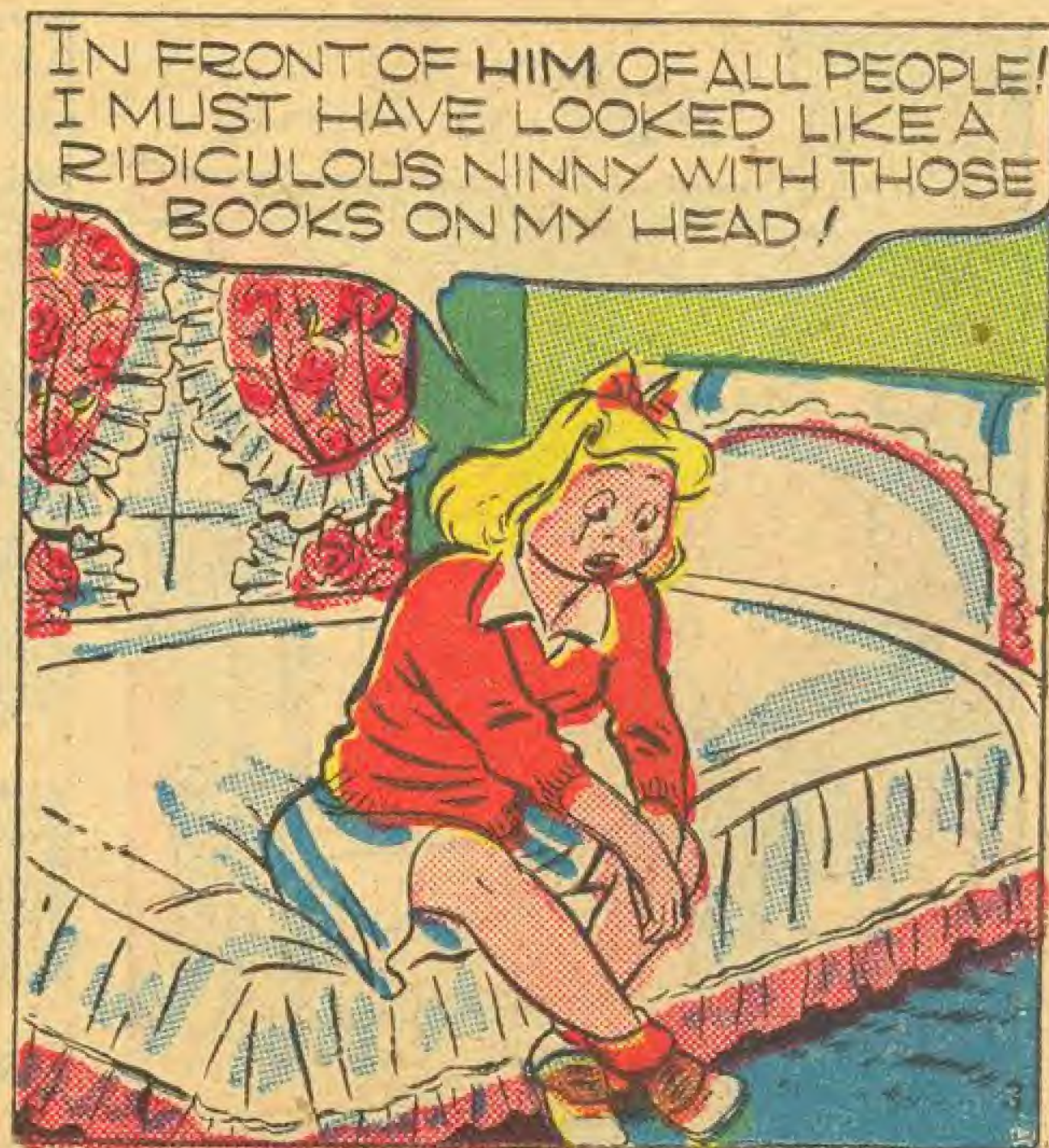
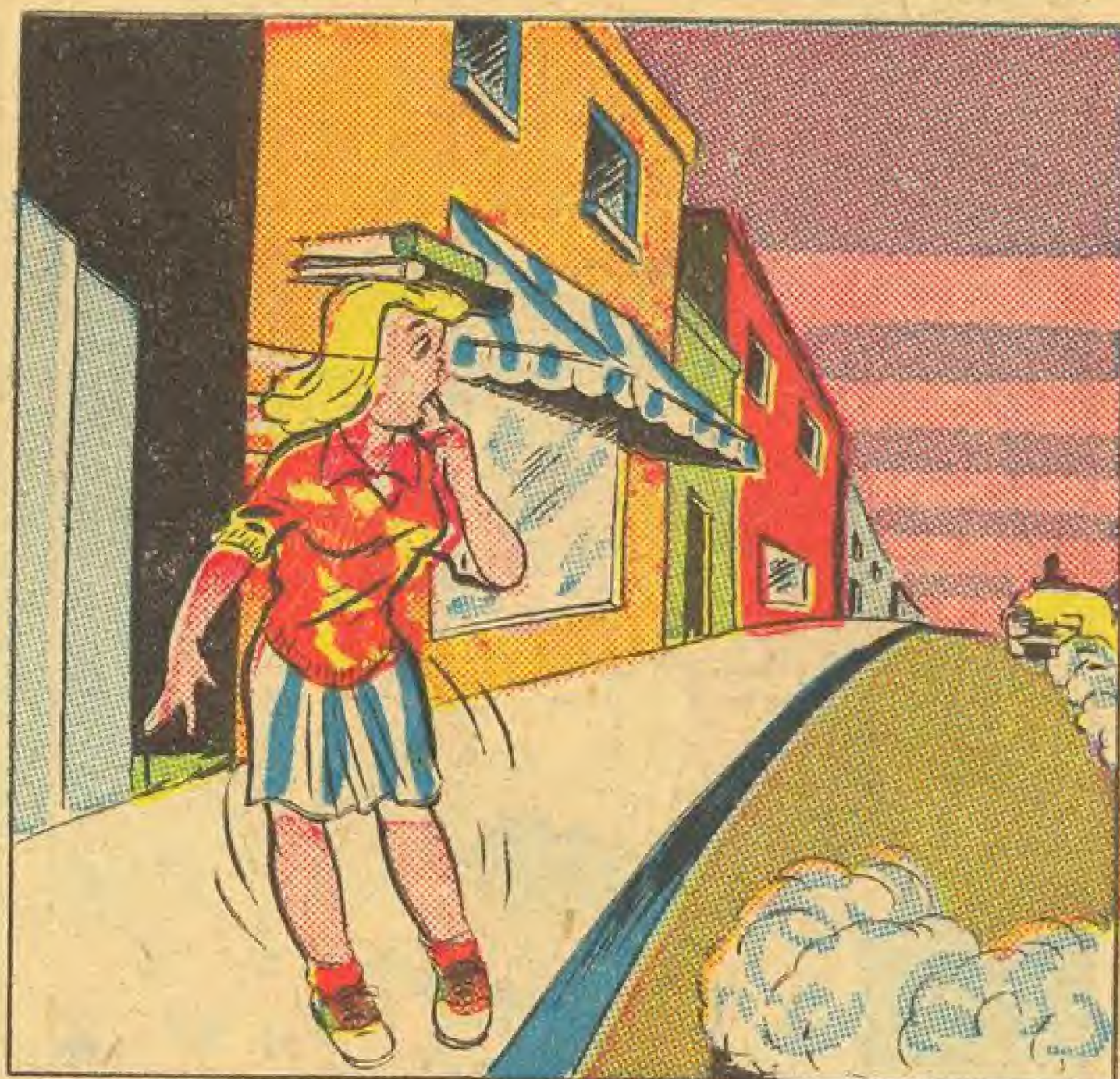
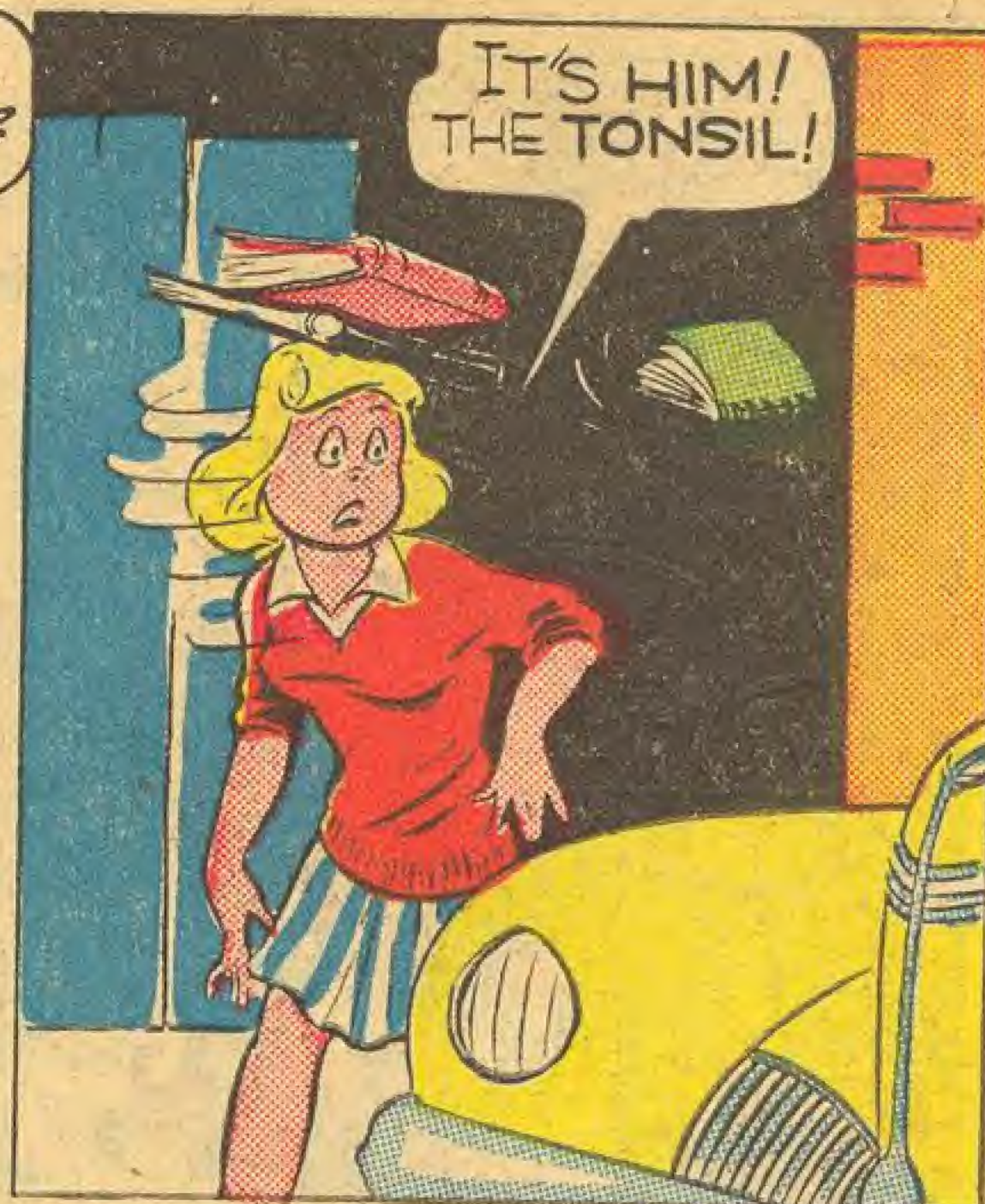
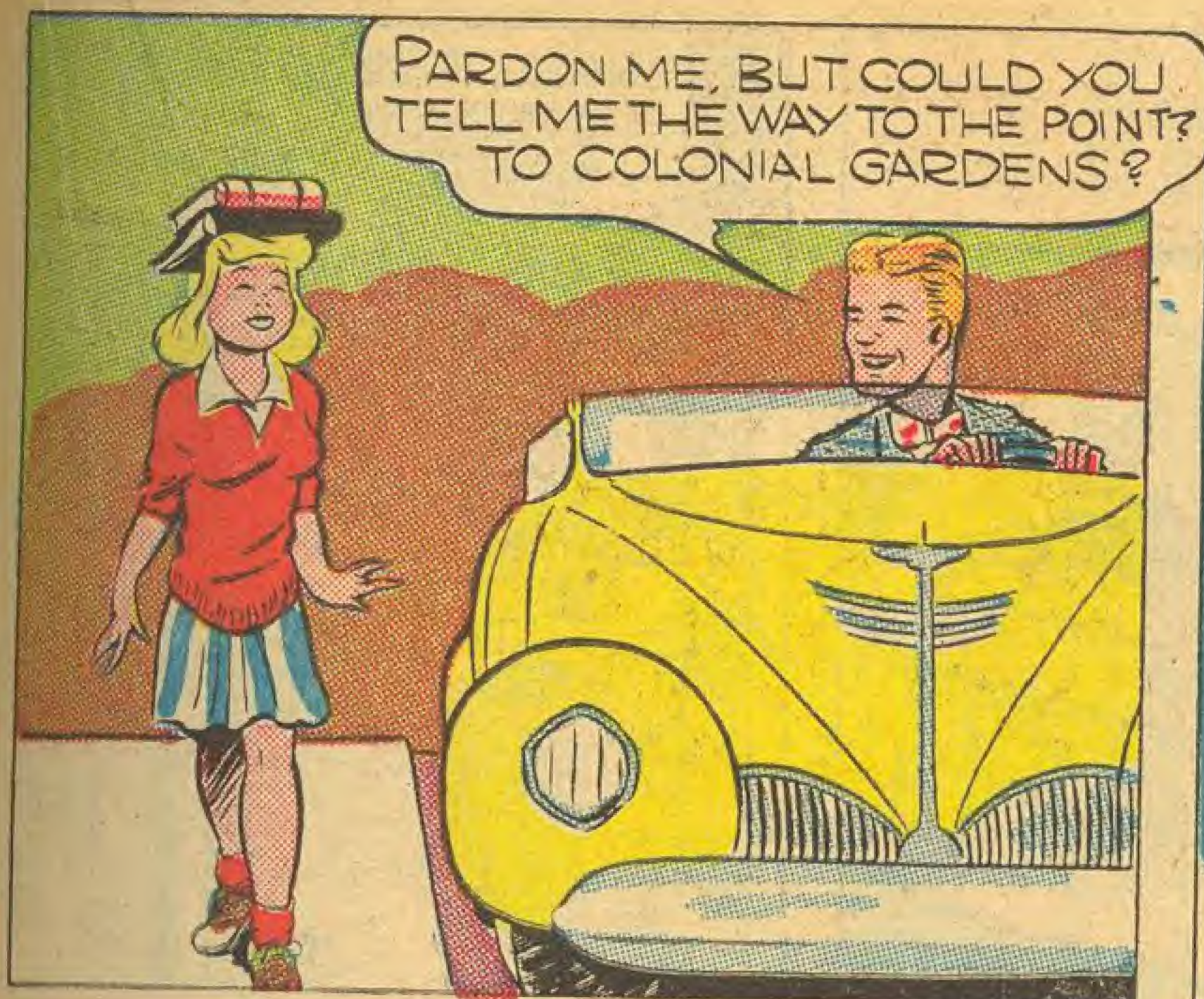
IF ANY OF YOU CHICKS WIN, I'LL ROLL OUT THE RED PLUSH CARPET AND RASSLE UP MALTS FOR THE CROWD. ON ME!

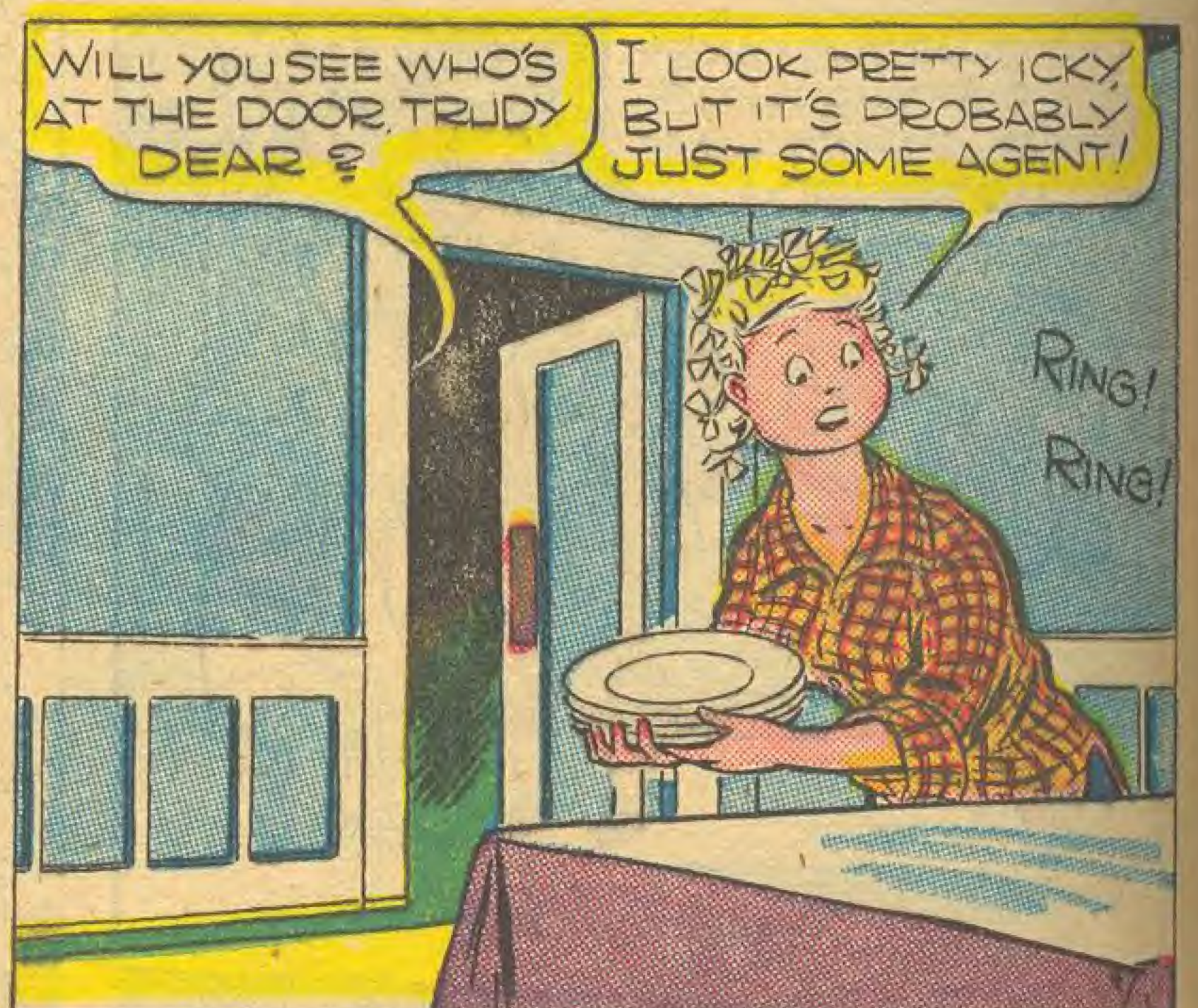
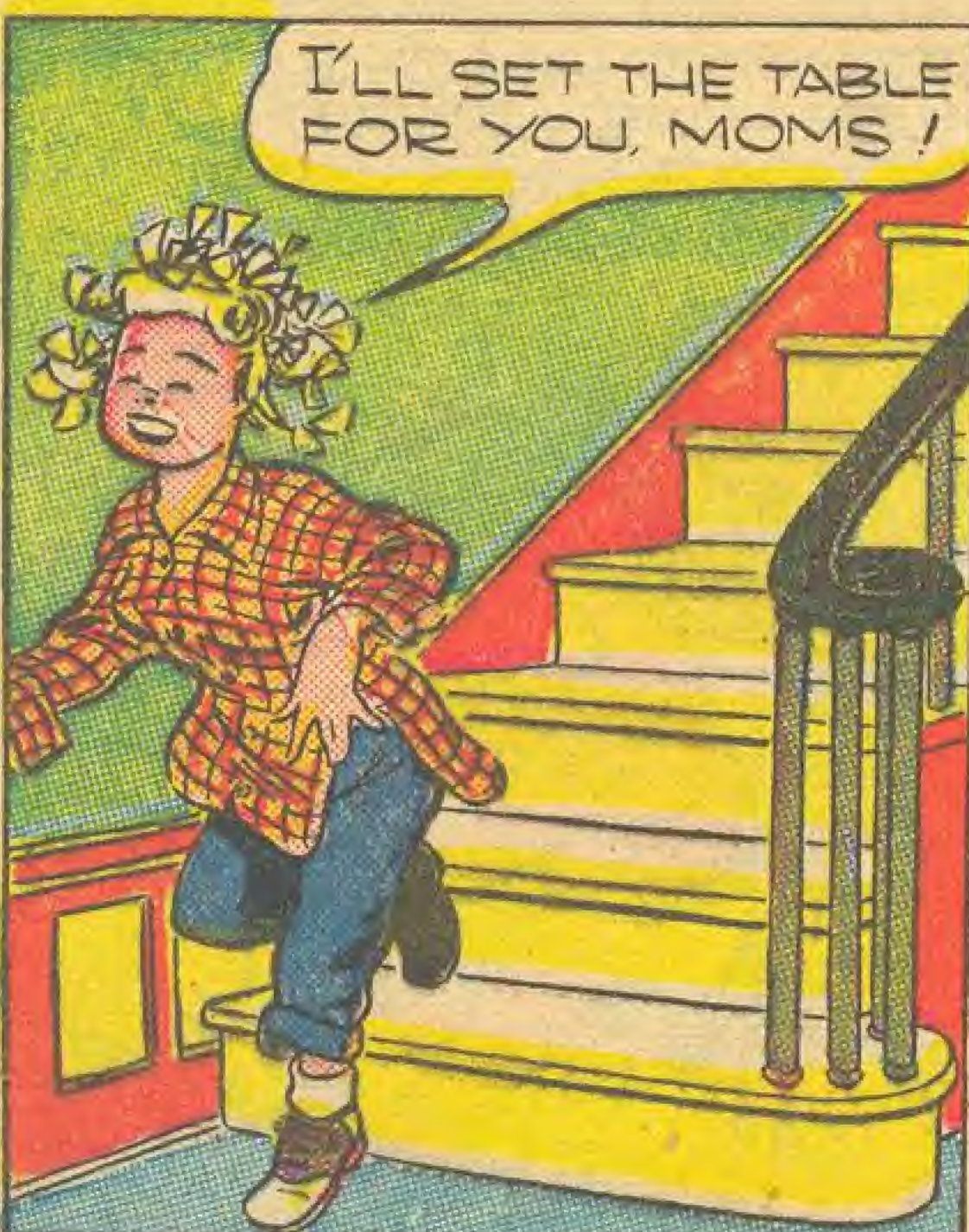
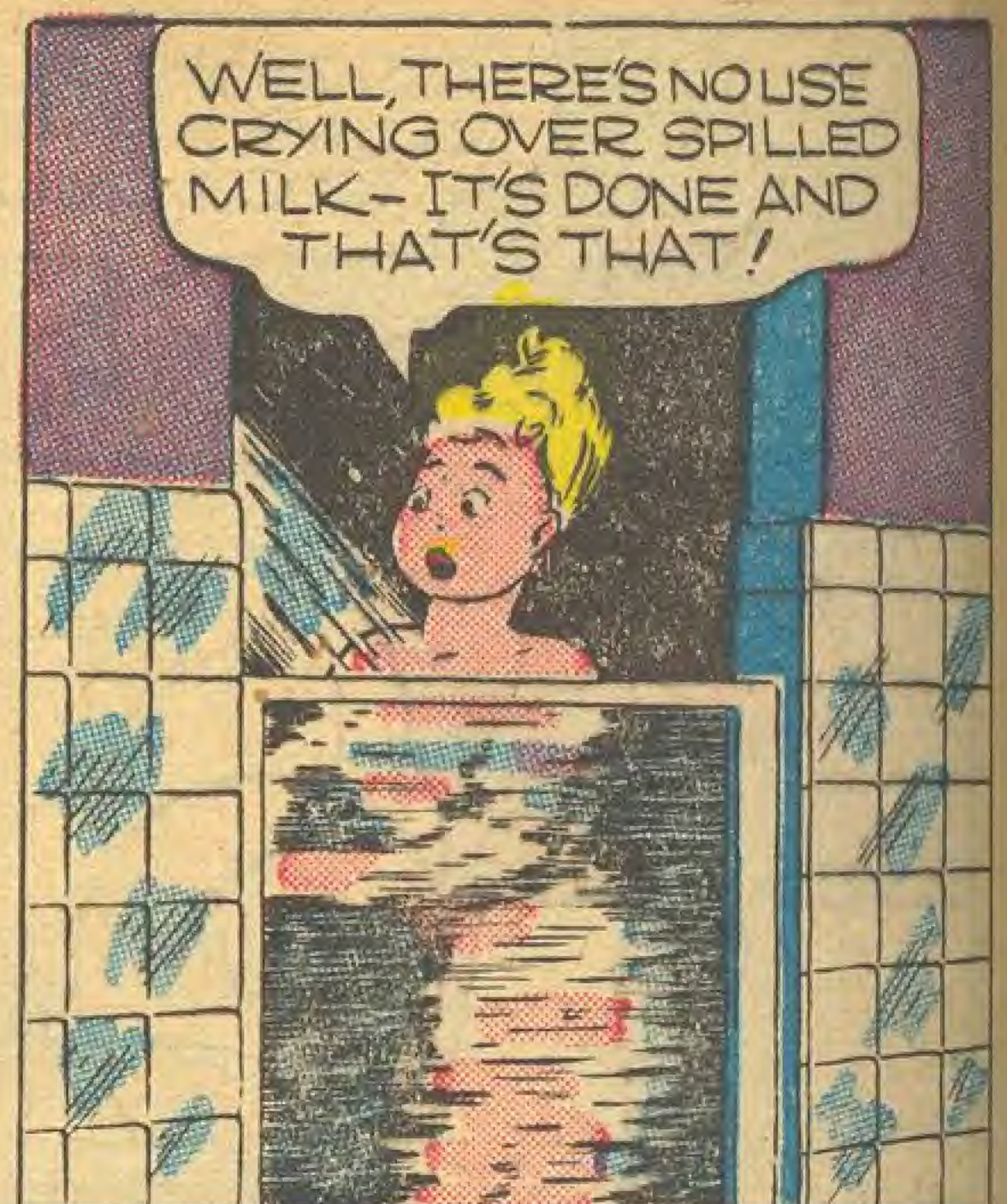
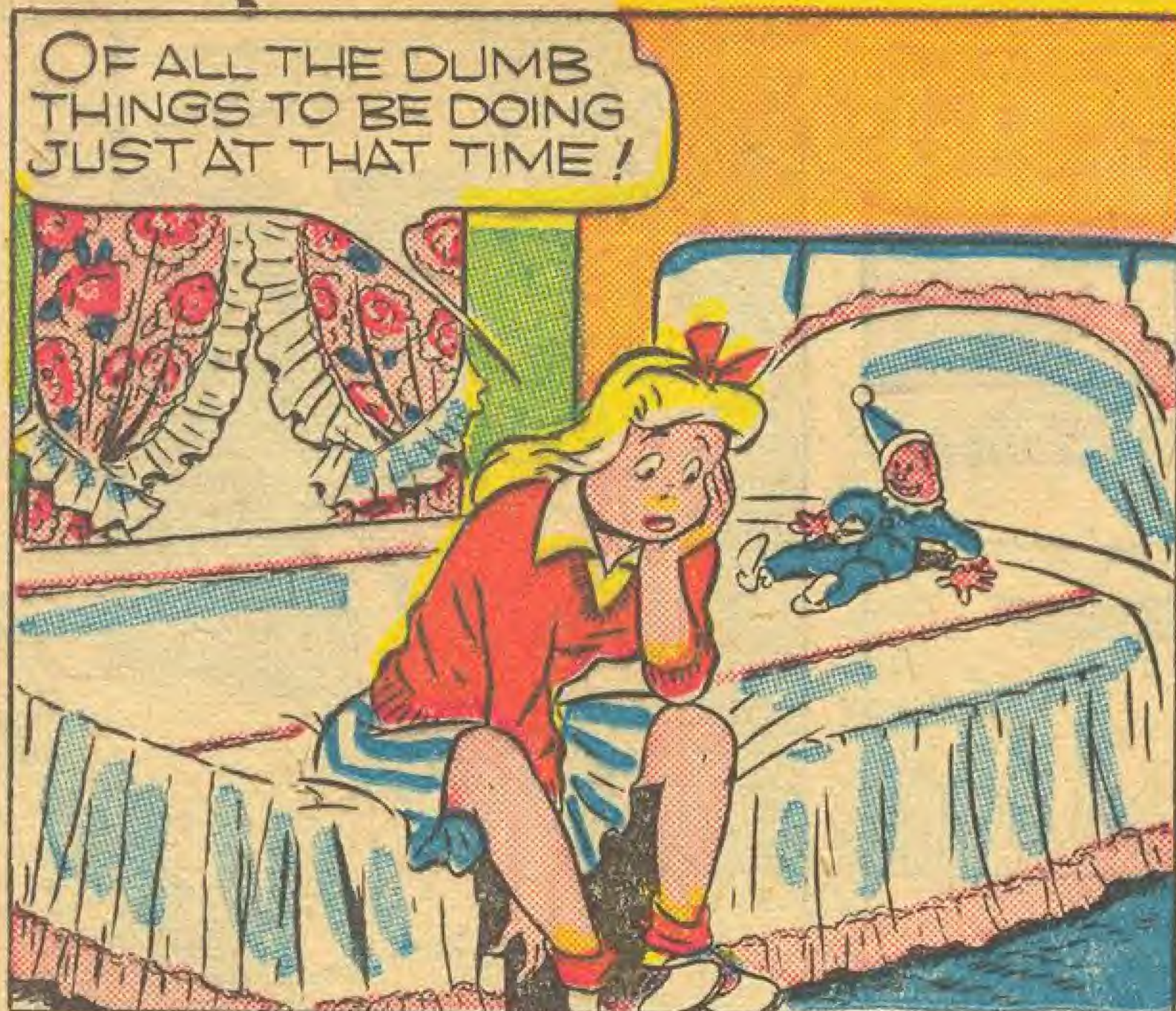
SEE Y LATER, CHARACTER!

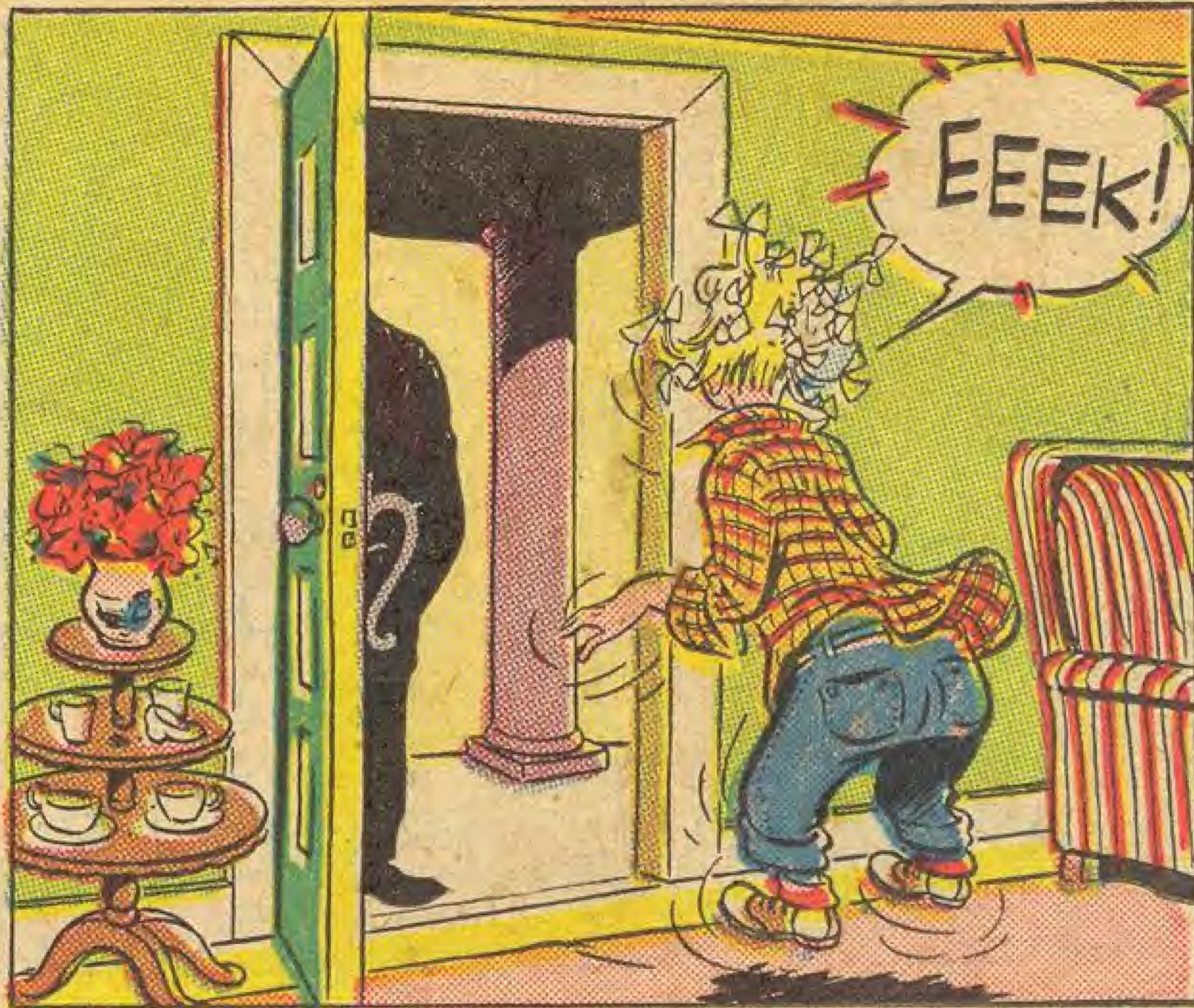
I DON'T KNOW WHY I COULDN'T WIN THAT PRIZE! I BETCHA I'VE GOT AS MUCH POISE AS ANY CHICK IN TOWN!

WALT'S MALTS

ARMS CLOSE TO THE BODY. CARRIAGE ERECT-- HMMM, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!



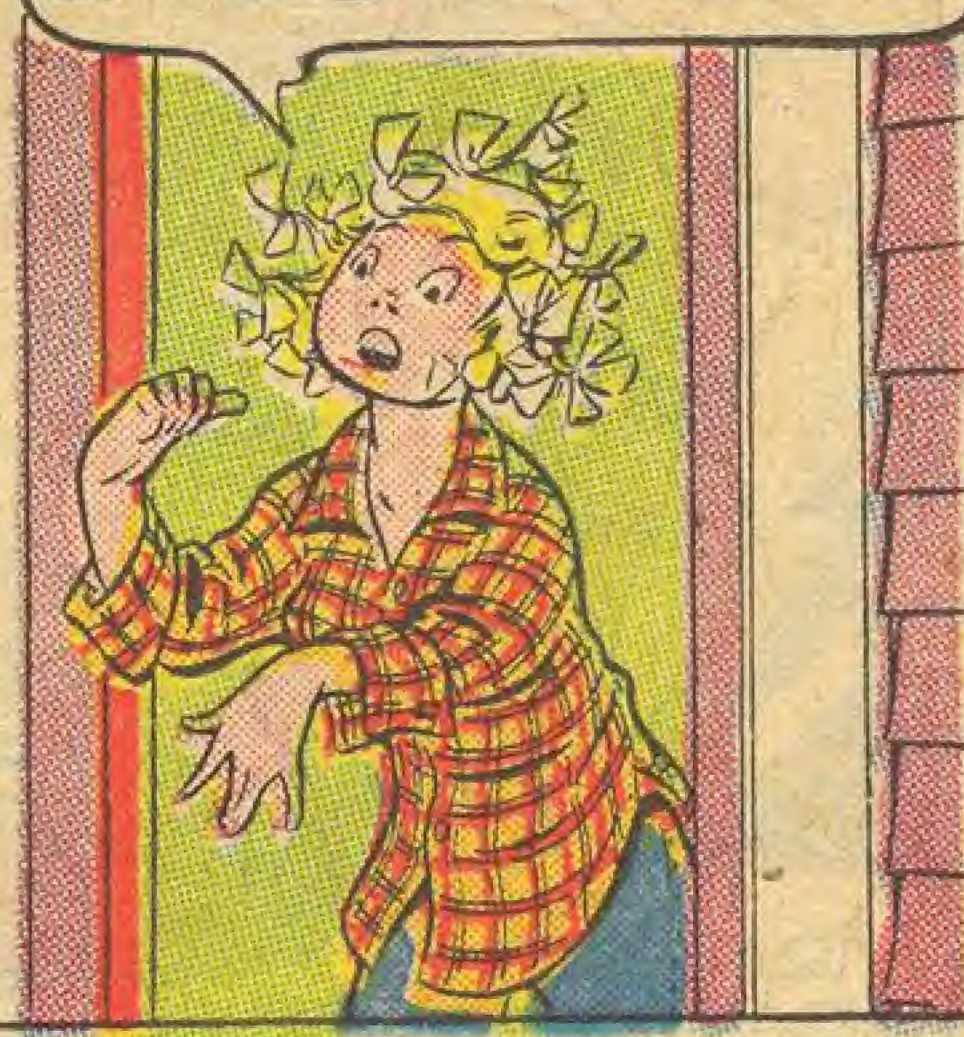
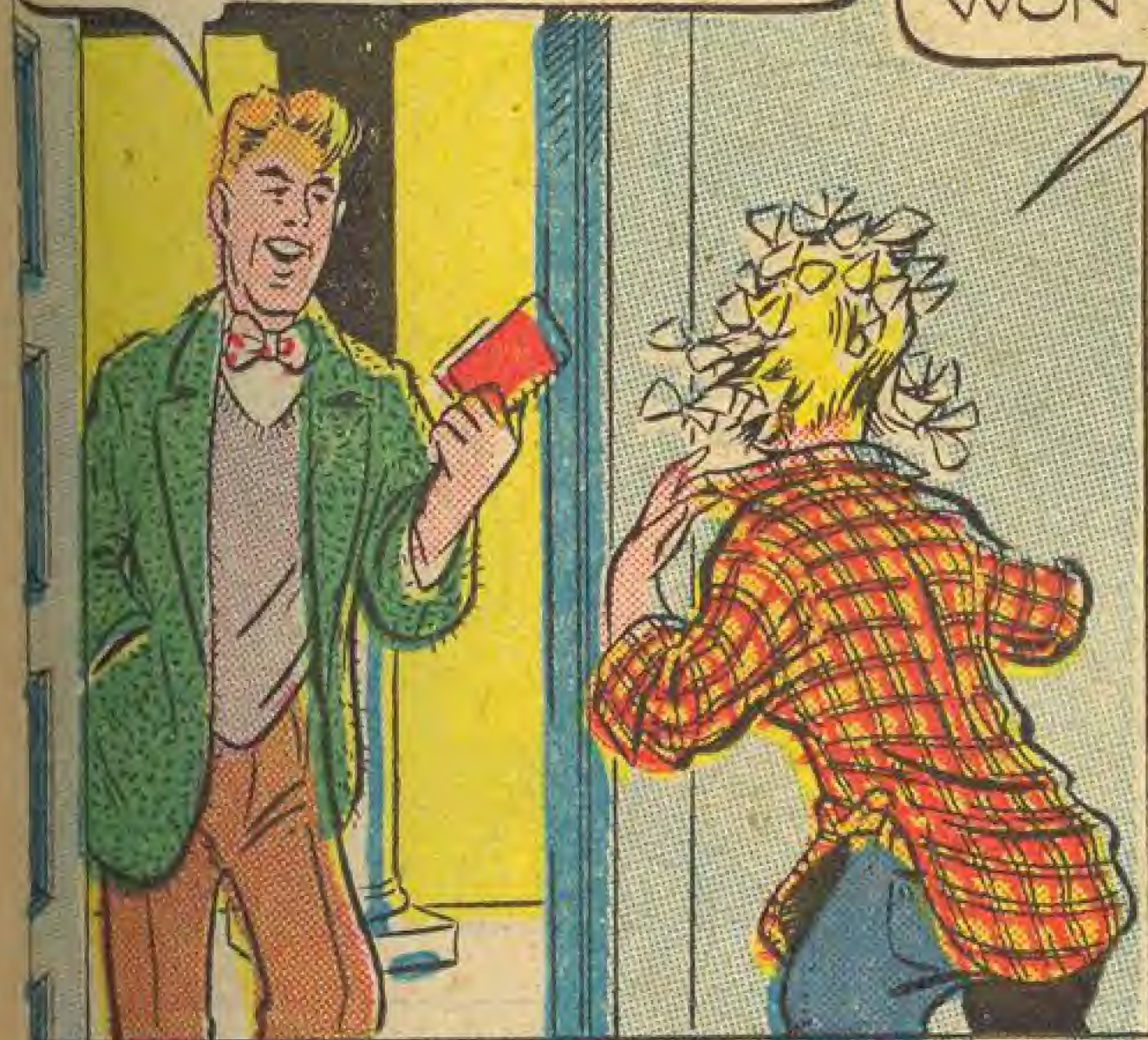




HOW DO YOU DO! HERE IS YOUR NOTE BOOK YOU DROPPED IN MY CAR THIS AFTERNOON! YOU ARE MISS TRUDY LAKEY, ARE YOU NOT?

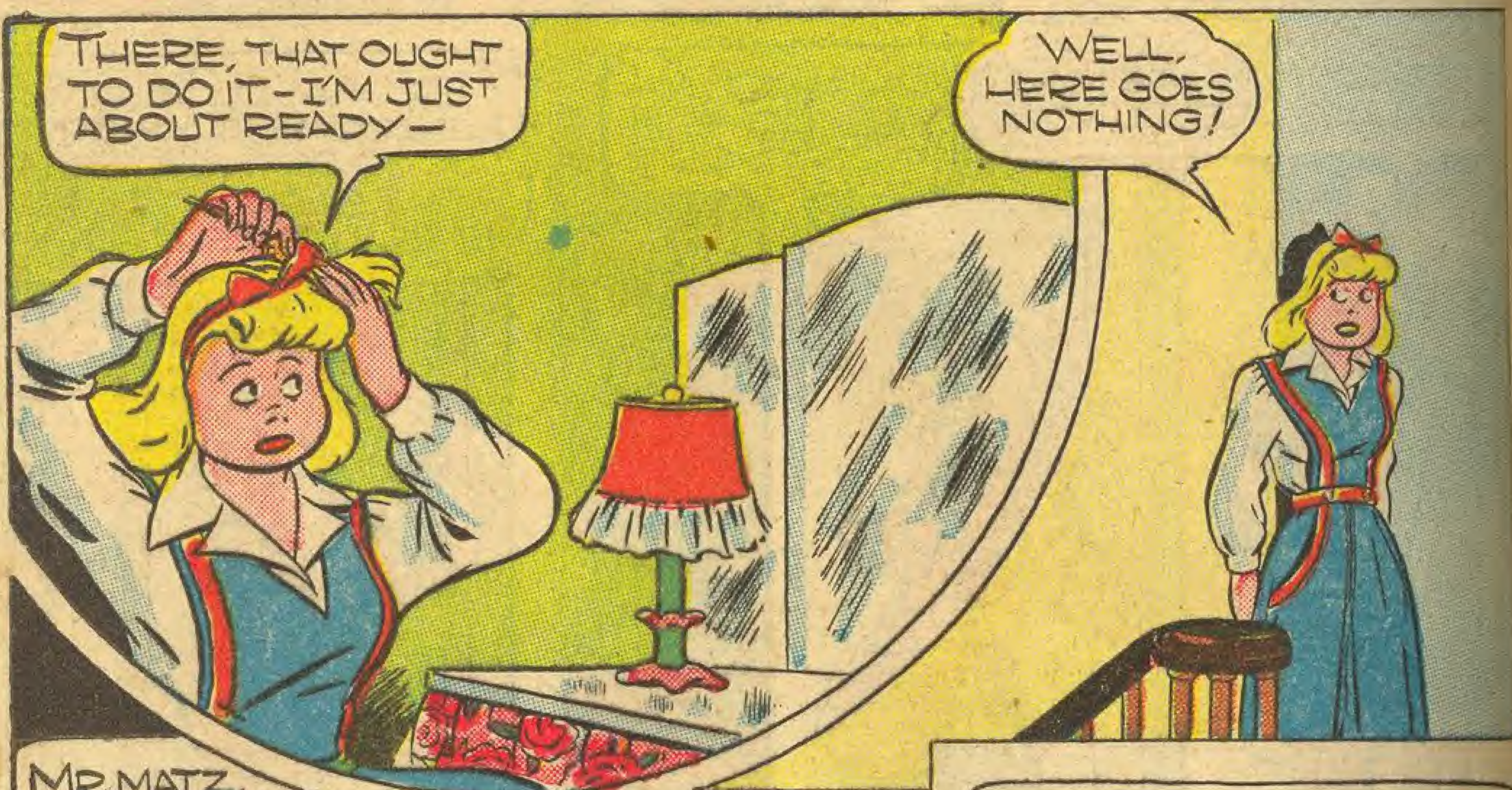
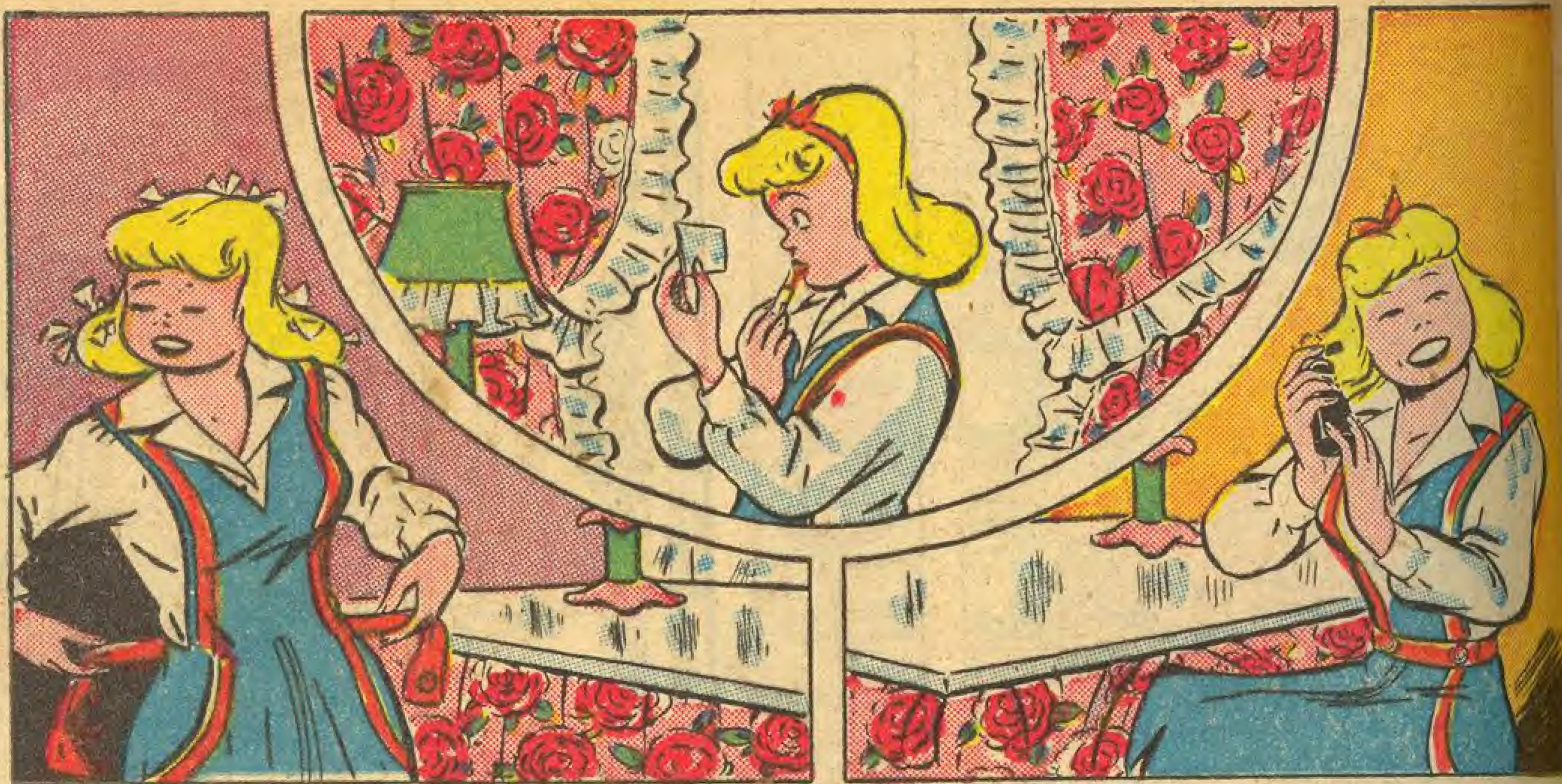
OH, AH, ER, AH-YES- COME IN, WON'T YOU?

ER-AH-YOU MUST BE REFERRING TO MY SISTER! I'LL GO GET HER AND BE RIGHT BACK-AH, I MEAN, SHE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



MAYBE IF I HURRY I CAN FOOL HIM INTO THINKING I'M THE SISTER!

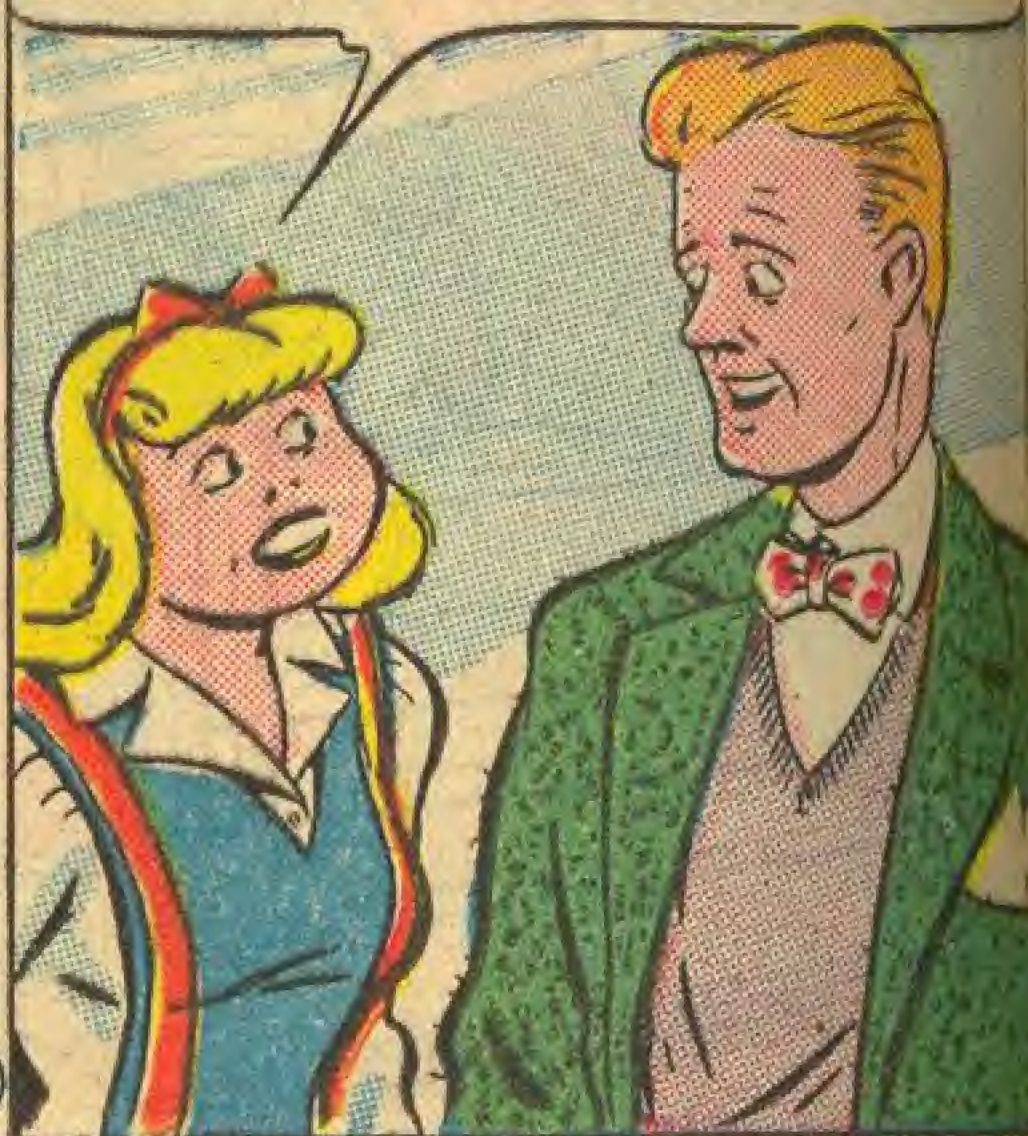
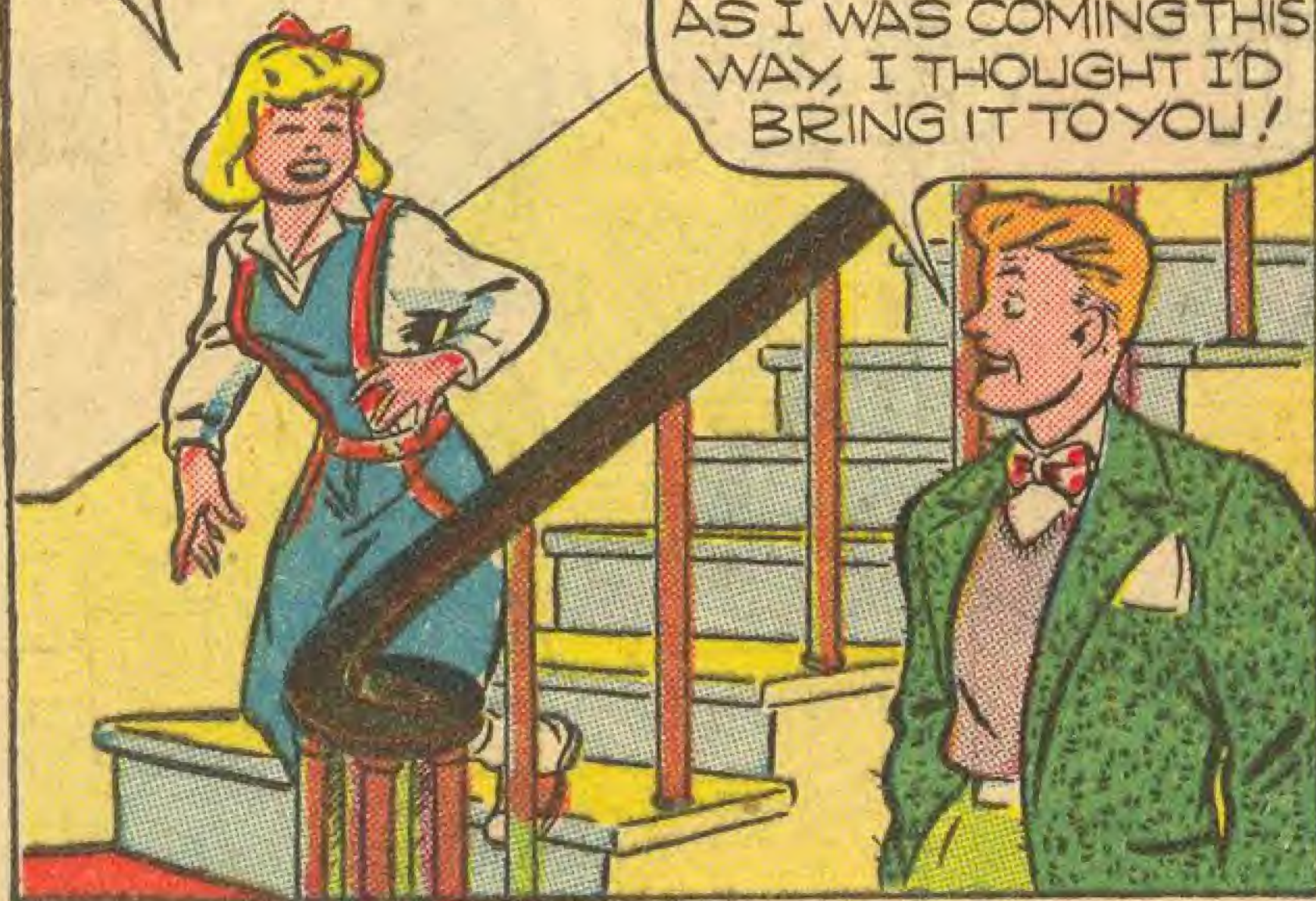


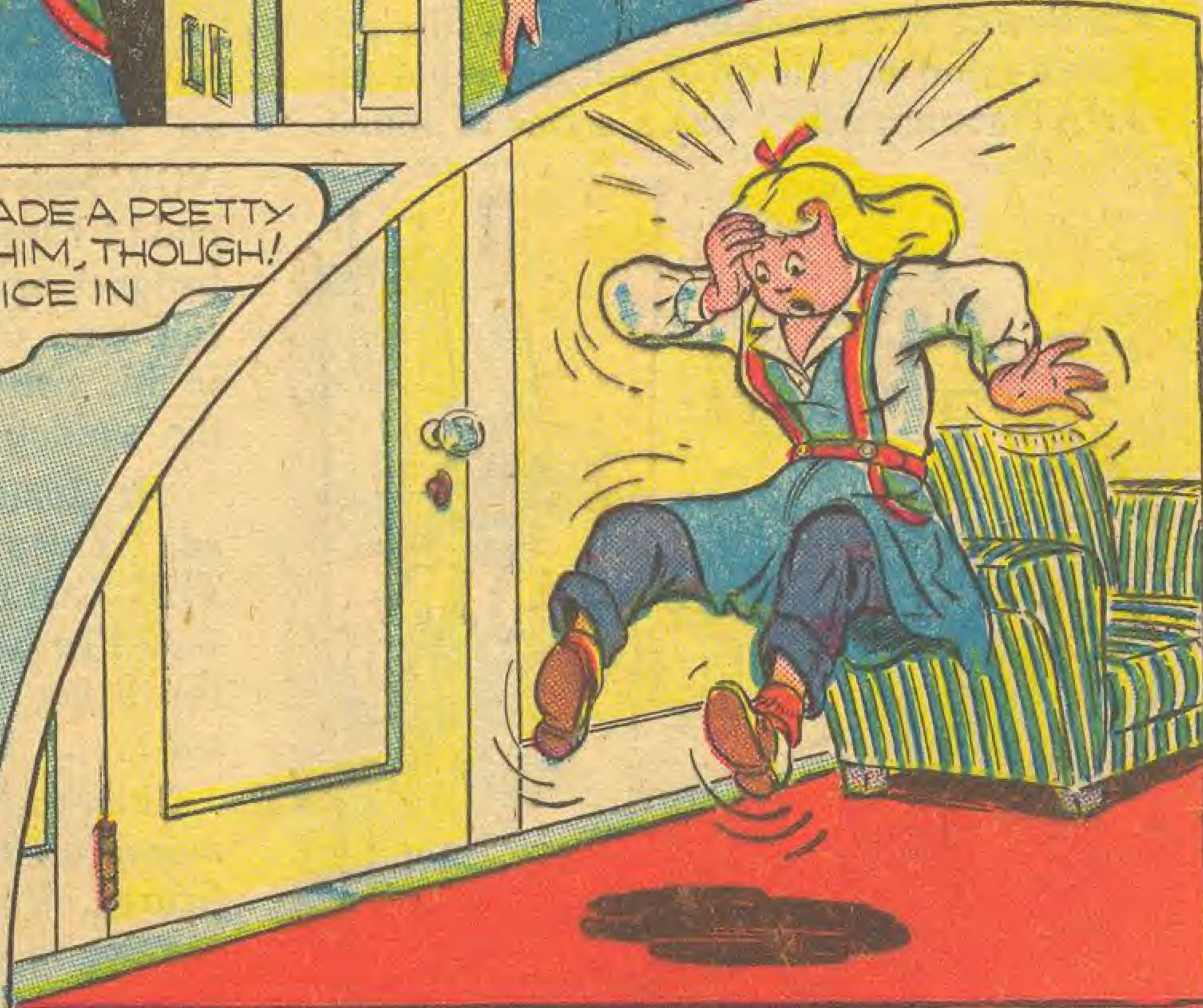
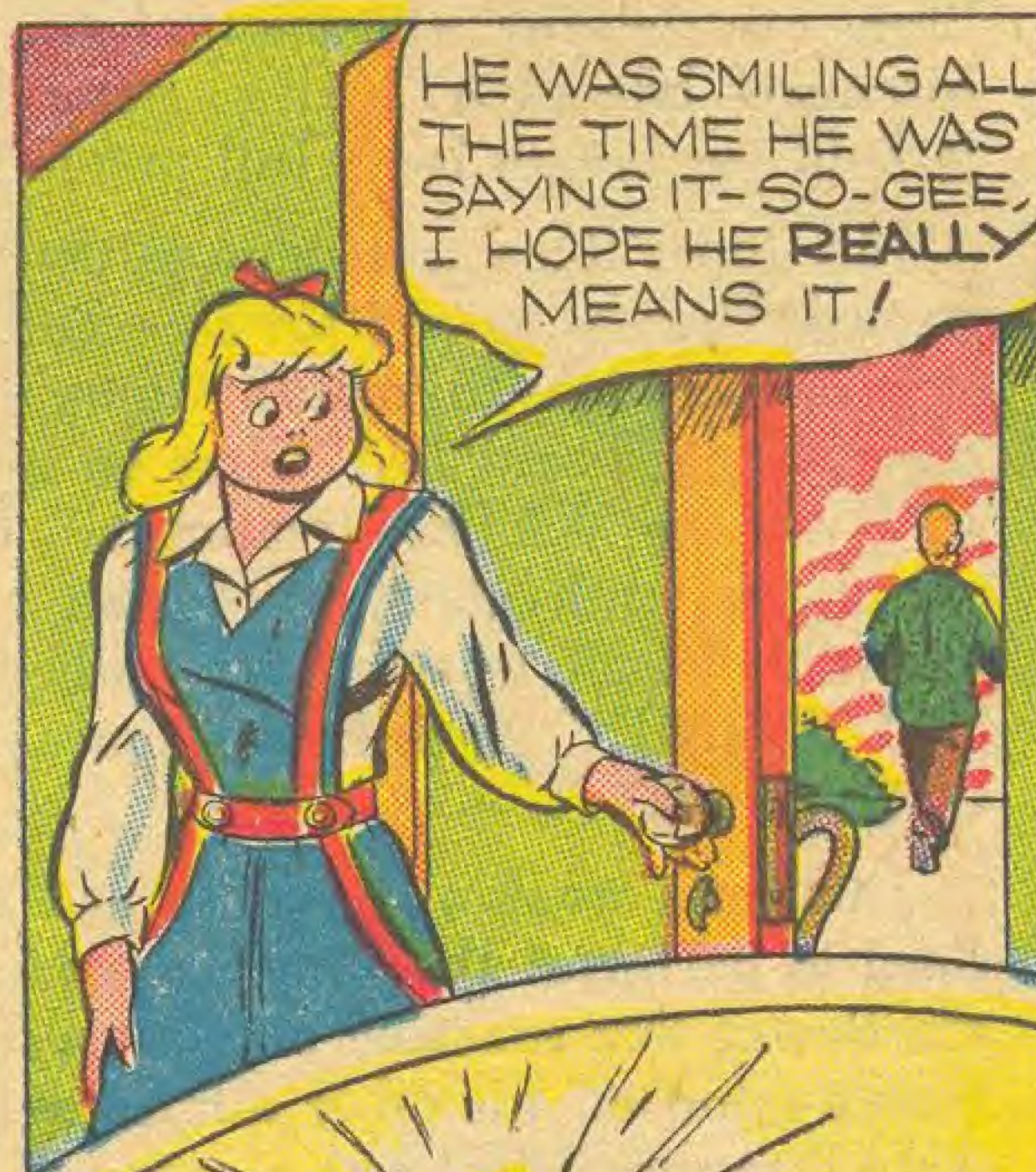


MR. MATZ,
HOW NICE!
MY SISTER SAID THAT
YOU WERE HERE!

YOU DROPPED YOUR
NOTE BOOK IN MY CAR
THIS AFTERNOON, AND
AS I WAS COMING THIS
WAY, I THOUGHT I'D
BRING IT TO YOU!

OH, HOW SWEET OF YOU TO
BRING IT TO ME - I DON'T KNOW
HOW I COULD HAVE MANAGED
WITHOUT IT, REALLY I DON'T!





Good Deed Jitterbuck

IT WAS a lovely night, thought Jitterbuck—a night for good deeds! And as he passed the Jones house, the problem of whom his generous heart might help was solved. A resounding “HIC!” rent the air—and there was Mr. Jones! “Hiya, Mr. Jones! Drunk?” asked Jitterbuck hopefully.

“Nonsense!” his neighbor gasped. “I’ve—HIC!—got those confounded hiccoughs again! Just—HIC!—when I was leaving to make a speech at the Kiwanis banquet!”

“Yer VERY fortunate!” said Jitterbuck. “Me, I’m the guy who knows how ta cure hiccoughs like THAT! All ya gotta do, see, is hold yer breath fer a full minute!”

Mr. Jones’ face grew blue as the minute passed. Then he gasped for air—and a barrage of hiccoughs followed! “Sump’n musta gone wrong!” said Jit. “Come on inside—we’ll try the WATER treatment!” But by about the tenth glass, it became obvious that this wasn’t working out, either. “I’m DROWNING!” gasped Mr. Jones. “Hic! STOP!”

Jitterbuck wouldn’t stop. He had a good deed to perform! He tried pepper next, on the theory that sneezing might take his patient’s mind off his other ailment—but all THAT accomplished was a series of sound

effects resembling a three-alarm fire! “I’m STILL not discouraged!” breathed Jit. “I’LL CURE YA YET!” Mr. Jones, between hiccoughs, gasped something about the cure being far worse than the disease—but he didn’t know what was in store for him! In a trice, a barrel had been produced from the cellar, and he was being rolled over it! “OW-WW!” he yelled. “My ribs! My back! My clothes!”

“But look wot it’s done fer ya!” grinned Jitterbuck, releasing his victim and surveying him proudly. “Not a hiccough left!”

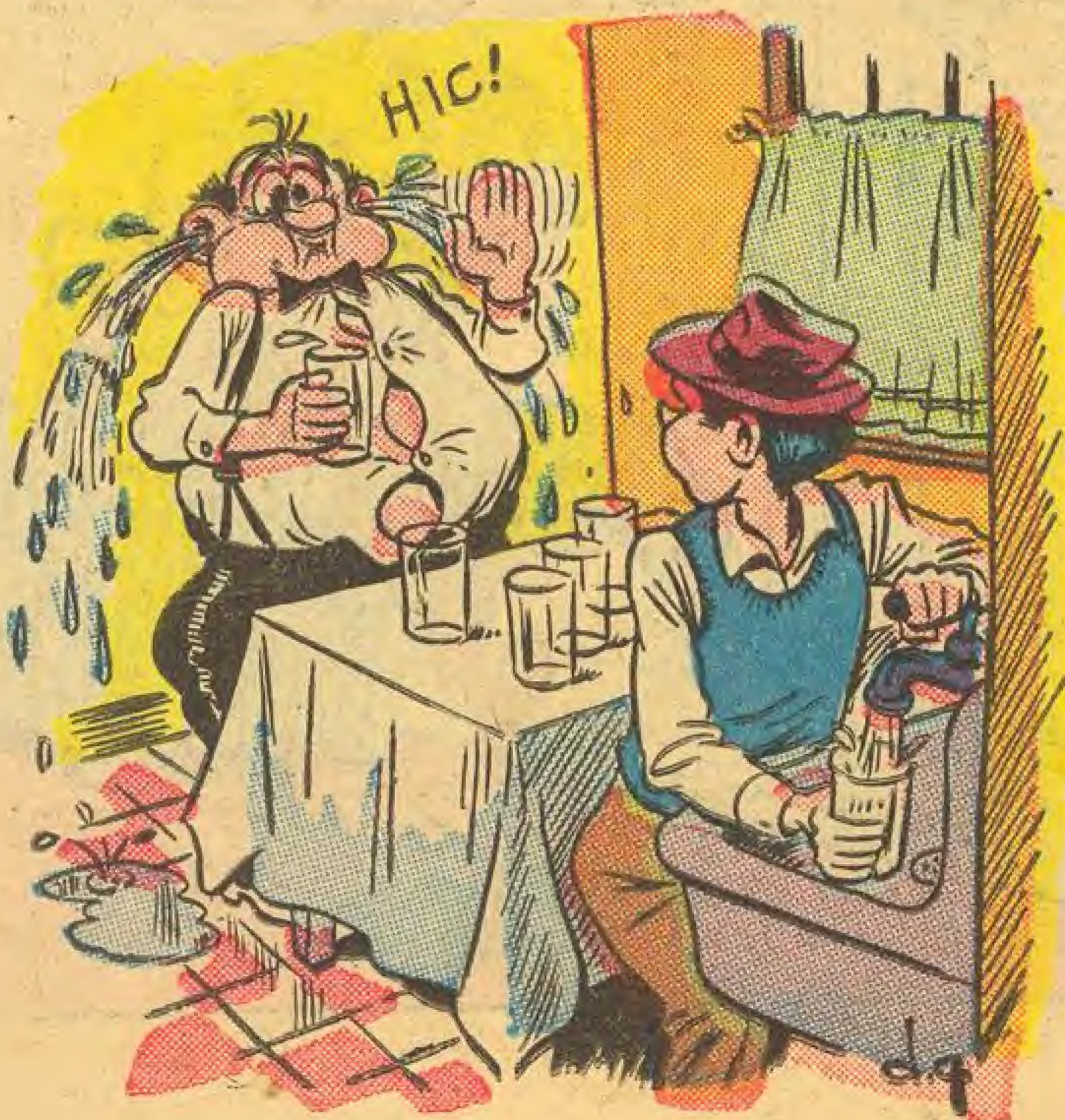
“HIC!” said Mr. Jones.

There was no help for it. The case called for strong measures. Jones was off guard—he was brushing his clothes. It was then that Jit acted—alarmingly. “EEE-YOW!” he screamed suddenly, thrusting his face within an inch of his startled neighbor. It worked—but in a different way than the boy had expected. Frightened, Mr. Jones lurched backward—right through the open cellar door behind him! CRASH! WHAM! BUMPETY-BUMP! His hurtling body didn’t miss a step on the way down!

“Oh-HHH!” groaned the bruised man as Jitterbuck tucked him into bed. “You—YOU HUMAN FIEND! To think this started out with just plain hiccoughs—and NOW look at me! A WRECK! If only YOU hadn’t barged along, I’d have left for that banquet ages ago—” Here he lifted himself onto one elbow, the light of murder in his eye—and Jit thanked fortune for the sudden ringing of the telephone.

Mr. Jones’ eyes grew round as he listened. “Y-you say this is Station WOOF—THE GOLDEN BONANZA PROGRAM? And I’ve b-been AWARDED \$5,000 j-just for being home now and answering this call? . . . HIC! HIC!”

Jitterbuck departed silently, his face mournful. It was the way of the world, he figured. You start out with a full heart, wanting to do only good deeds—and what happens? HE HADN’T EVEN CURED MR. JONES’ HICCOUGHS!”



"Cookie"

SH-HHH!
THE MUG THINKS THIS
IS A **REAL** GUN!

MASQUERADE
COSTUMES



dang.

AHEM! AREN'T YOU
AFRAID YOU'LL BE A BIT OUT
OF YER ELEMENT AT THIS
HOTEL LA SWANK,
COOKIE? KINDA MORE
MY STYLE, I'D SAY!

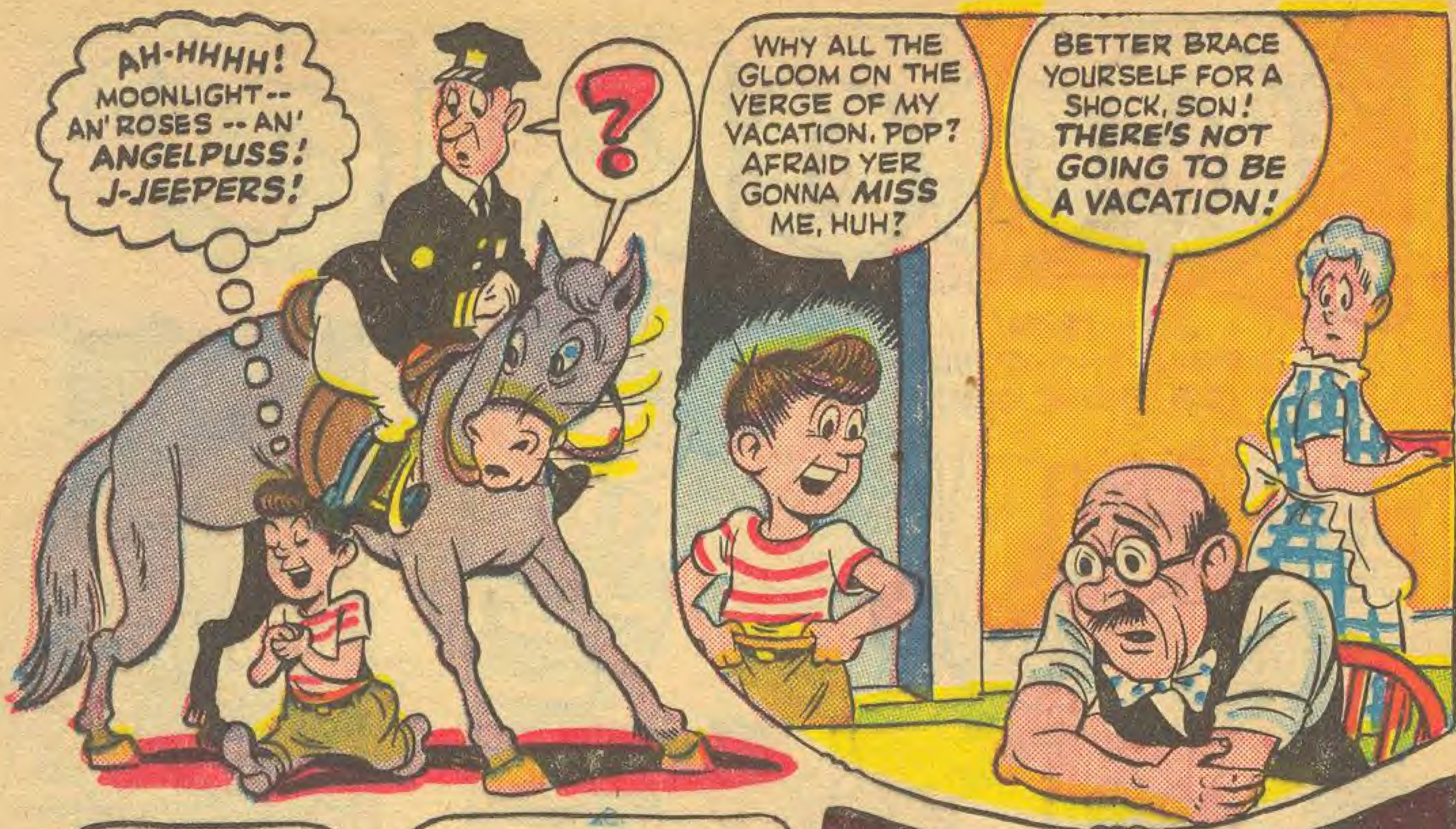
OH,
YEAH
?

--AND WHEN WE
HEARD YOU WERE GOIN'
TA THE **LA SWANK**
---ZAM! LIKE THAT
WE ALL KNEW WHERE
WE'D SPEND OUR
VACATIONS!

JITTERBUCK'S
PICKIN' US ALL UP
IN HIS JALOPY IN
AN HOUR, ANGELPUSS!
DON'T BE LATE,
NOW!

JUST BE
SURE
YOU'RE
ON TIME,
COOKIE!
'BYE
NOW!





AH-HHHH!
MOONLIGHT --
AN' ROSES -- AN'
ANGELPUSS!
J-JEEPERS!

?

WHY ALL THE
GLOOM ON THE
VERGE OF MY
VACATION, POP?
AFRAID YER
GONNA MISS
ME, HUH?

BETTER BRACE
YOURSELF FOR A
SHOCK, SON!
THERE'S NOT
GOING TO BE
A VACATION!



HEY -- YA KNOW
WOT I THOUGHT YA
SAID? SUMP'N ABOUT
"NO VACATION!"
HA-HA! FUNNY, EH?

I WISH IT WAS! I'VE GOT
BAD NEWS, COOKIE! MR.
WITHERSPOON, MY BOSS, HAS
HIRED NICHOLAS T. GUNGERDINK,
A HIGH-POWERED EFFICIENCY
EXPERT, TO REPLACE ME!
HE TAKES
OVER IN TWO
WEEKS!

UNDER THOSE
CIRCUMSTANCES,
I JUST CAN'T
AFFORD TO SEND
YOU AWAY! I
KNOW YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND...

YEAH,
POP -- I
GET IT!
UH-HUH...
SURE...
GULP!

WOT'LL THE GANG SAY?
WOT'LL ANGELPUSS THINK?
HER OLD MAN'LL TELL HER
HE HADDA FIRE POP,
AN' I'LL BE
DISGRACED!...
OH-HHHHH!

AW, WOT'S THE MATTER
WITH ME, ANYWAY? HERE I
AM THINKIN' ONLY O' MYSELF,
WHEN IT'S POOR POP I
SHOULD BE WORRYIN' ABOUT!
I'LL HELP OUT--- I'LL GET
A JOB! THEN ---

HEY, COOKIE!
WE'RE HERE -- ALL
SET TA GO! STEP
ON IT!



GUESS YOU WASTRELS BETTER
RUN ALONG WITHOUT ME! IT
DEVELOPS THAT I'VE GOT
SOME **VERY** IMPORTANT
AFFAIRS COMIN' UP--BIG
DEALS --AN' I CAN'T WASTE
TIME ON THAT HALF-BAKED
HOTEL LA SWANK!

HUH? BUT
COOKIE---

ER..TA TELL YA THE
TRUTH, JIT, THE OLD
MAN'S IN A JAM, NAMED
NICHOLAS T. GUNGERDINK,
AN' I GOTTA GET A JOB
OR SUMP'N TA PULL
HIM OUT! BUT
DON'T SAY NOTHIN'
TA ANGELPUSS OR
THE FELLERS,
HUH?

OKAY, KID!
I'LL TALK UP
THOSE BIG
DEALS! BUT
GEE, I'M
SORRY!

Later....

EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY
ONE FLIGHT UP!

WHY, YES, YOUNG
MAN -- WE **DO** HAVE
SOME POSITIONS OPEN
FOR EXPERIENCED
APPLICANTS! WHAT
CAN YOU
DO?

ANYTHING!
I'M A SORTA
JACK-OF-ALL
TRADES--

JUST WHAT
I'M AFTER! IF YOU
CAN LEAVE TOWN FOR
THE SUMMER AND
BE READY IN
AN HOUR --

BOYBOY!
I GOT
A JOB!

And so --

YESSIR --
YOU'LL LIKE
OUR LITTLE
PLACE!

ULP!

OKAY,
SONNY-- HERE
WE ARE!



OH-HH, N-NO -- NOT HERE! ALL MY PALS ARE STAYIN' HERE! I'LL BE D-DISGRACED!

AN' IF YOU TRY TA LEAVE, YOU'LL BE CRIPPLED!



OKAY, BOYS -- YOUR NEW GENERAL ASSISTANT!

TCH.TCH! -- THE MAN-POWER SHORTAGE MUST BE TERRIBLE! HIS FIRST CHORE'S TA FILL IN FER ONE OF THE WAITERS!



B-BUT...

GET TA WORK! WE GOT HUNGRY PEOPLE WAITIN'!

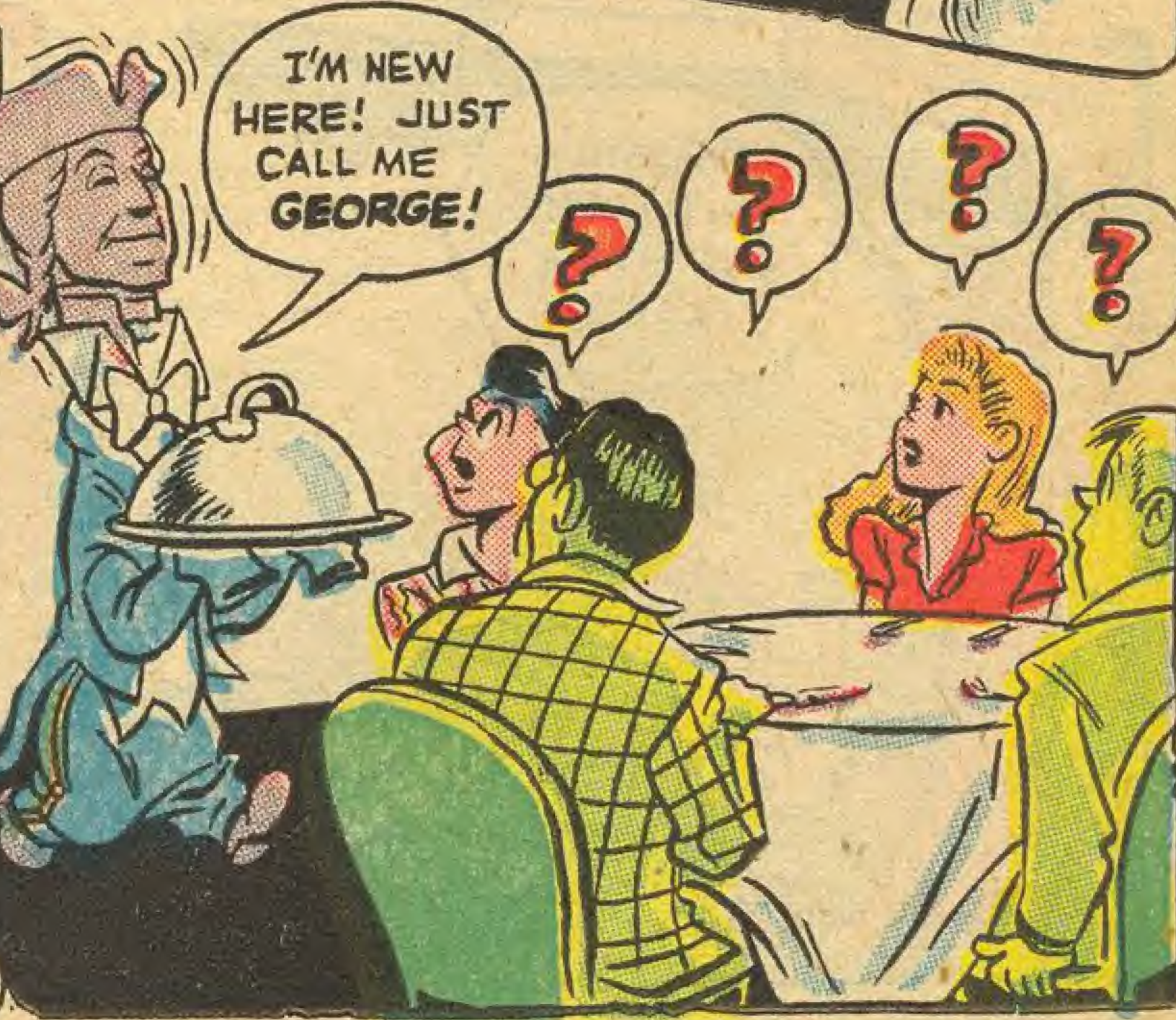


THE GANG'S BOUND TA BE IN THE DINING-ROOM -- I GOTTA DO SUMP'N SO'S THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE ME!... OH-OH!



BUT COOKIE MUST HAVE HAD SOME BIG DEAL TO KEEP HIM FROM COMING HERE WITH US, ZOOT!

I WONDER! BUT THAT'LL KEEP -- HERE COMES TH' CHOW NOW.. AN' HOW!



I'M NEW HERE! JUST CALL ME GEORGE!

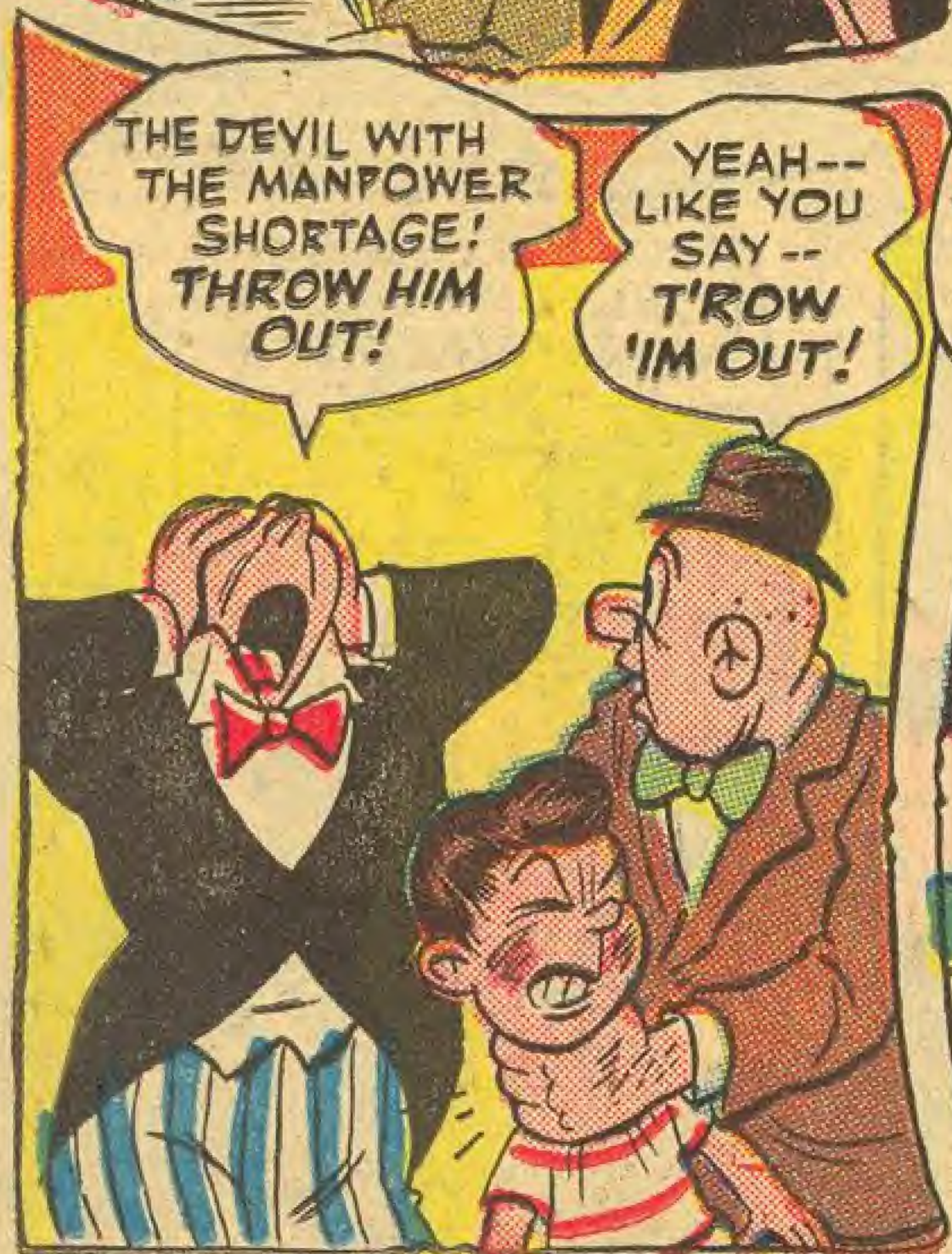
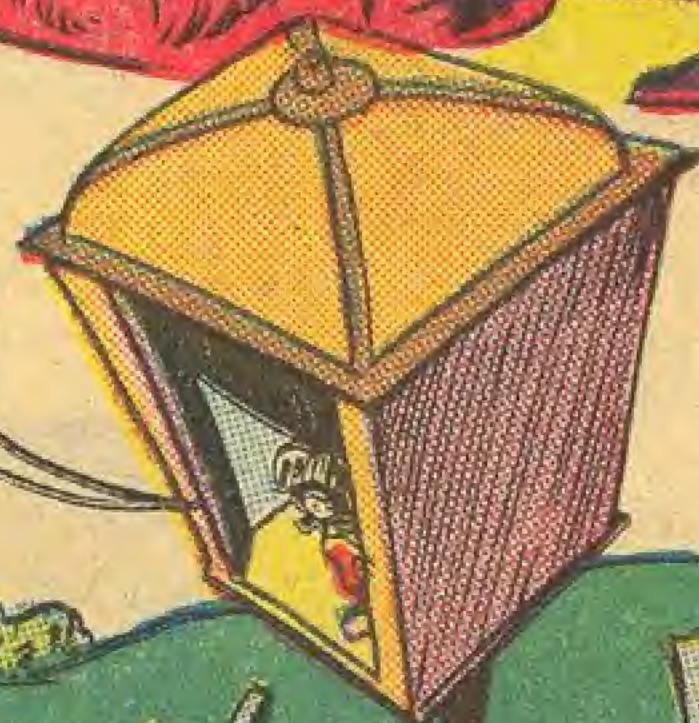
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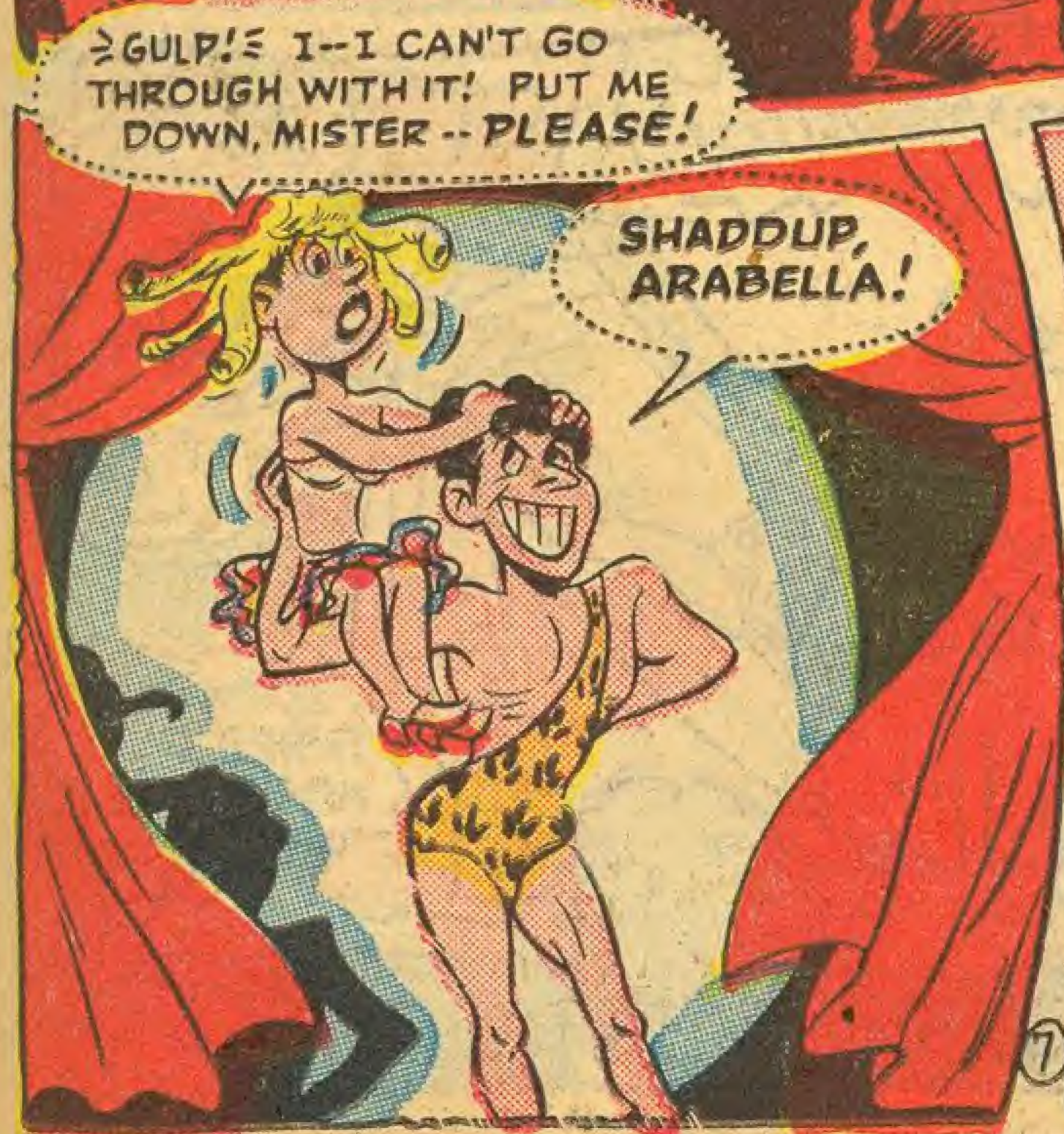
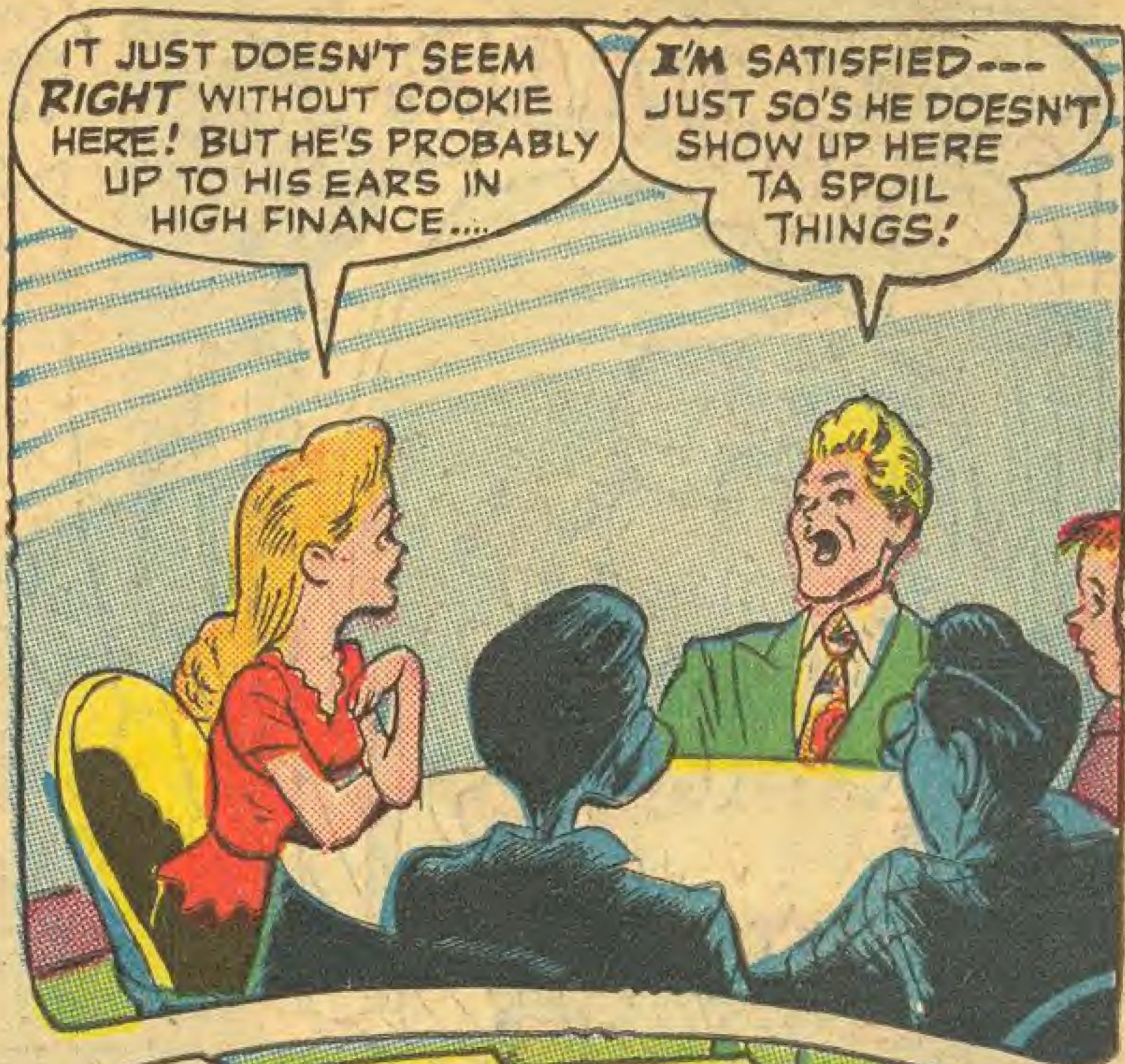
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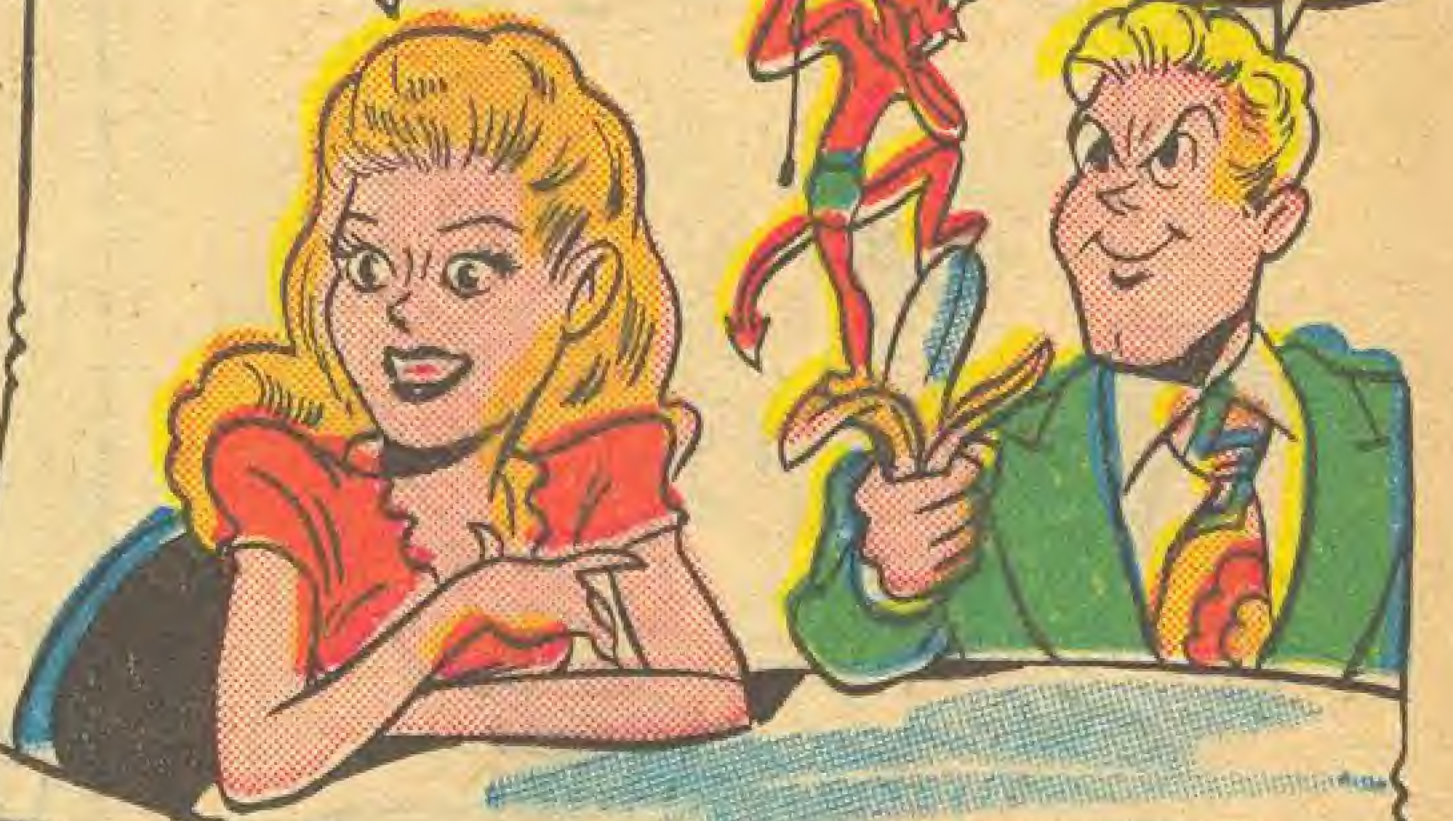




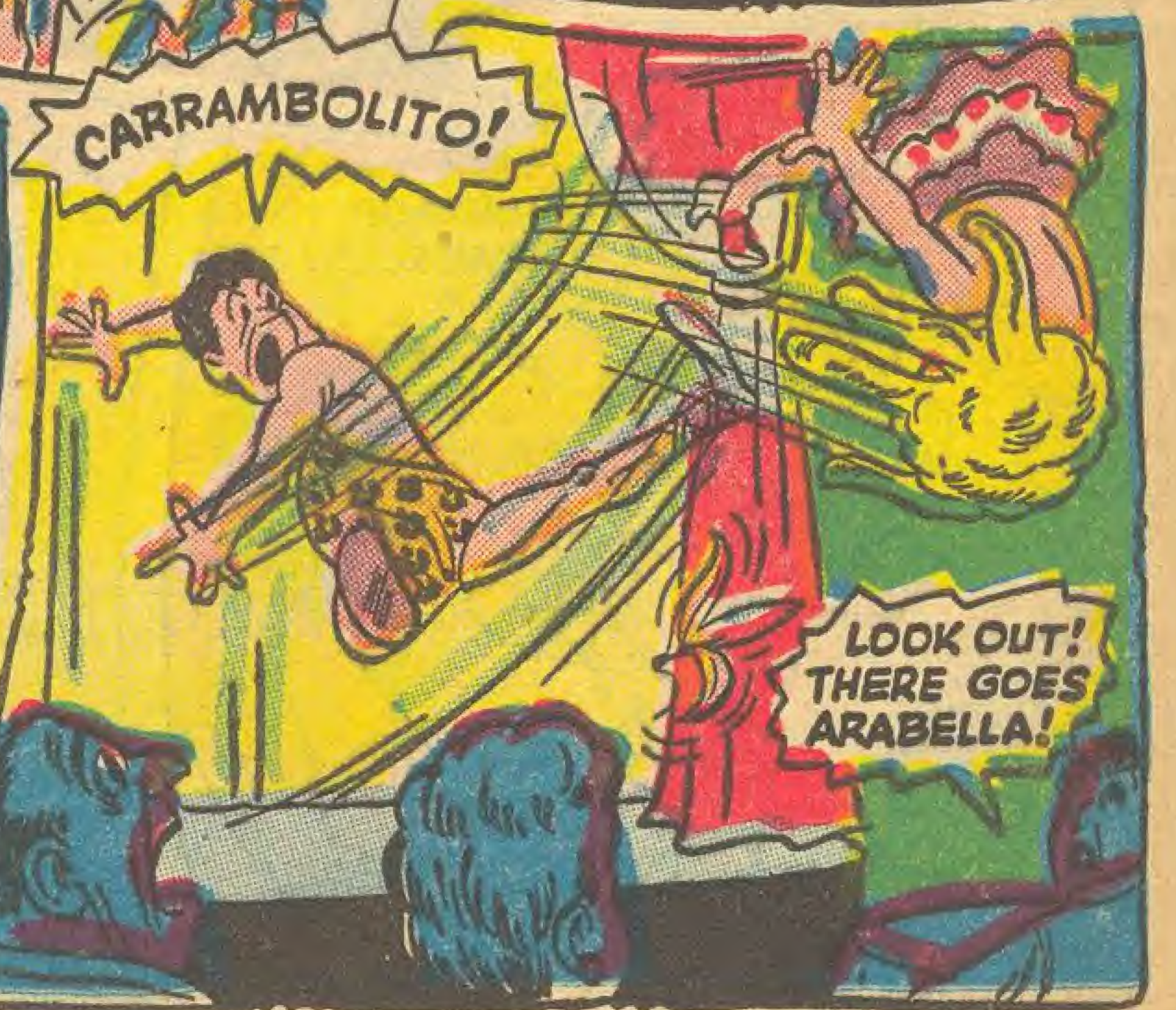
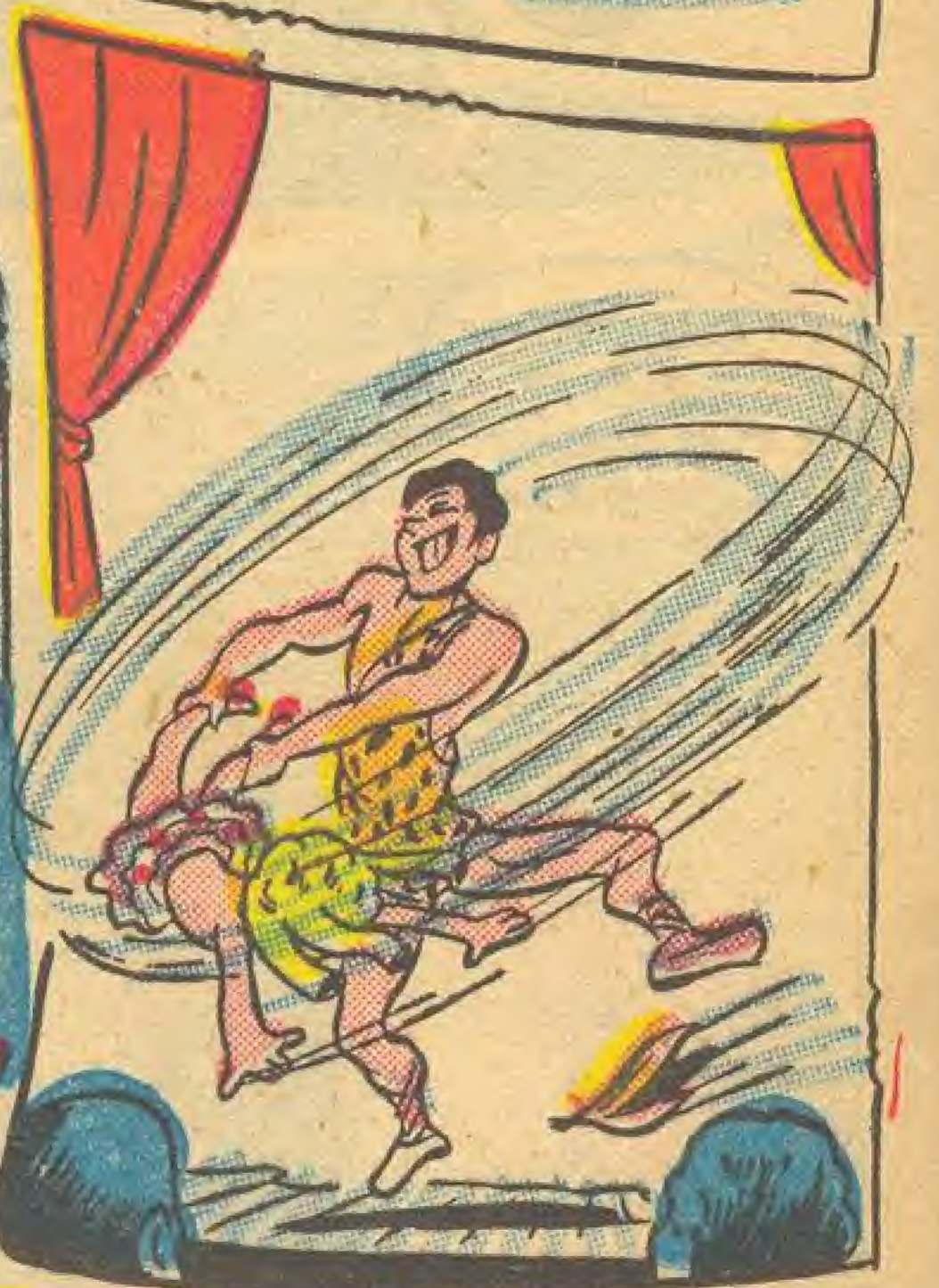
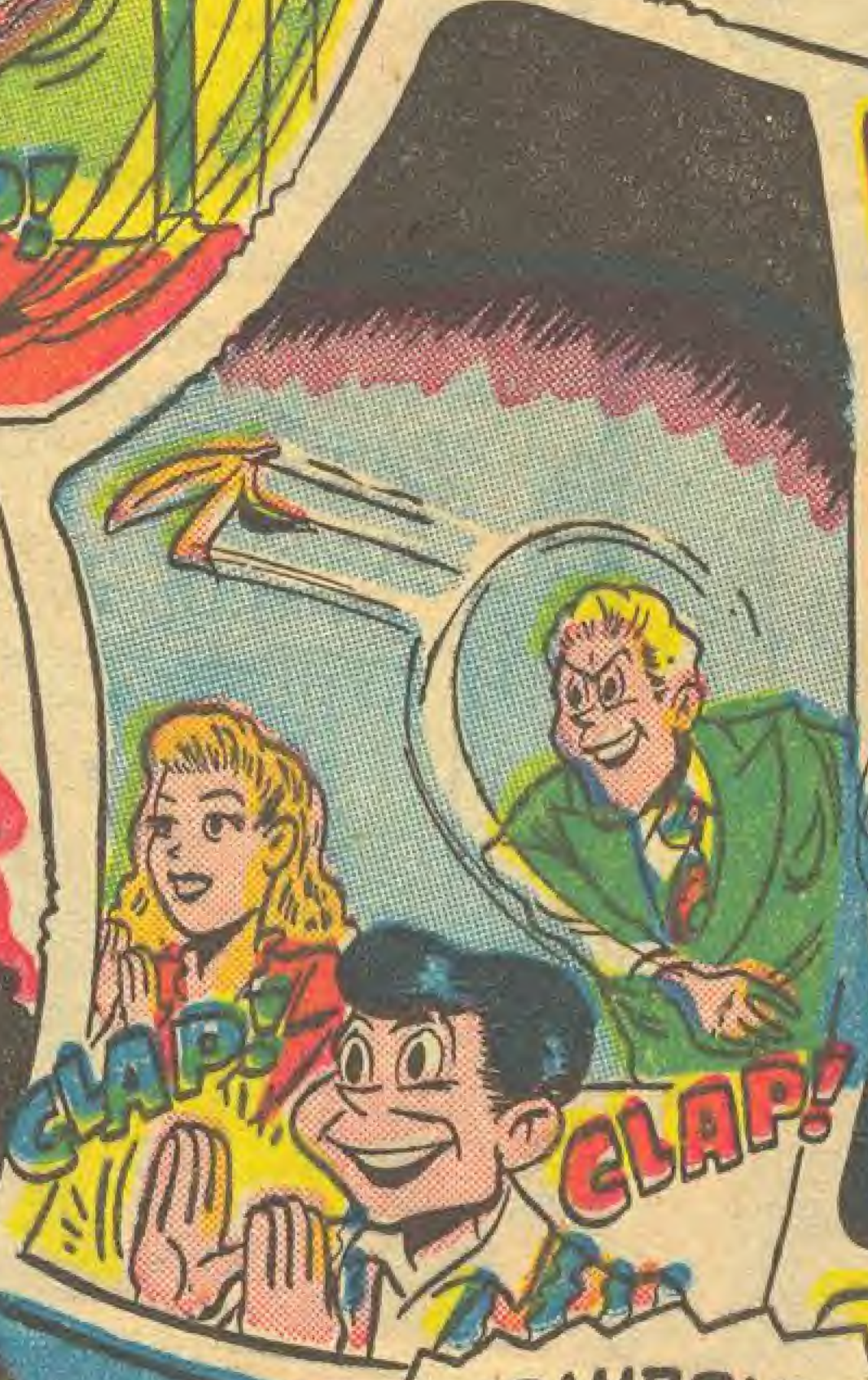
OH, ZOOT--ISN'T HE
SWELEGANT? JUST
LOOK AT THOSE
MUSCLES!

Y'KNOW, PAL, DAT
BANNANER PEEL COULD
MAKE A BUM
OUTA HIM!

UMMMM...

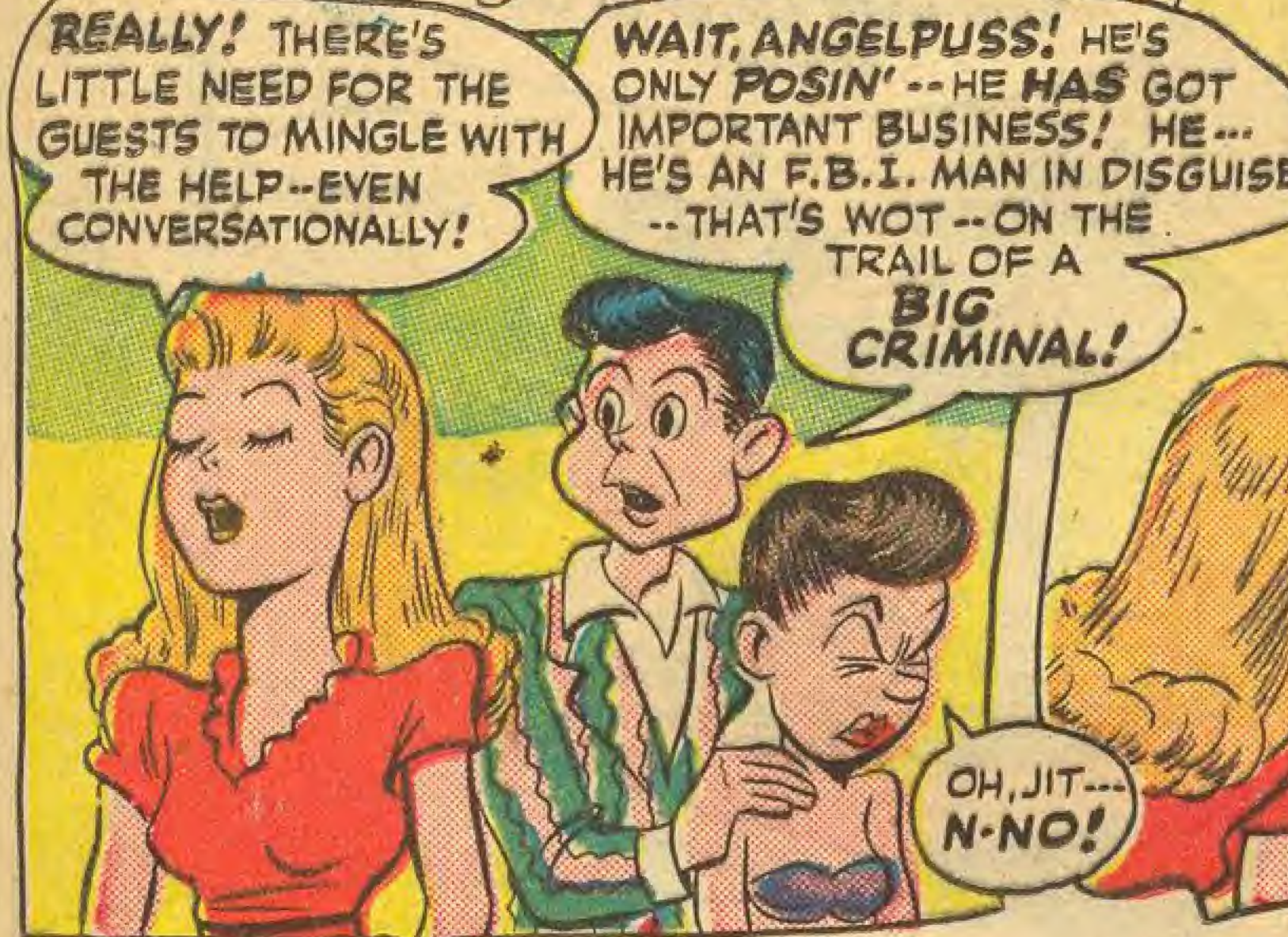
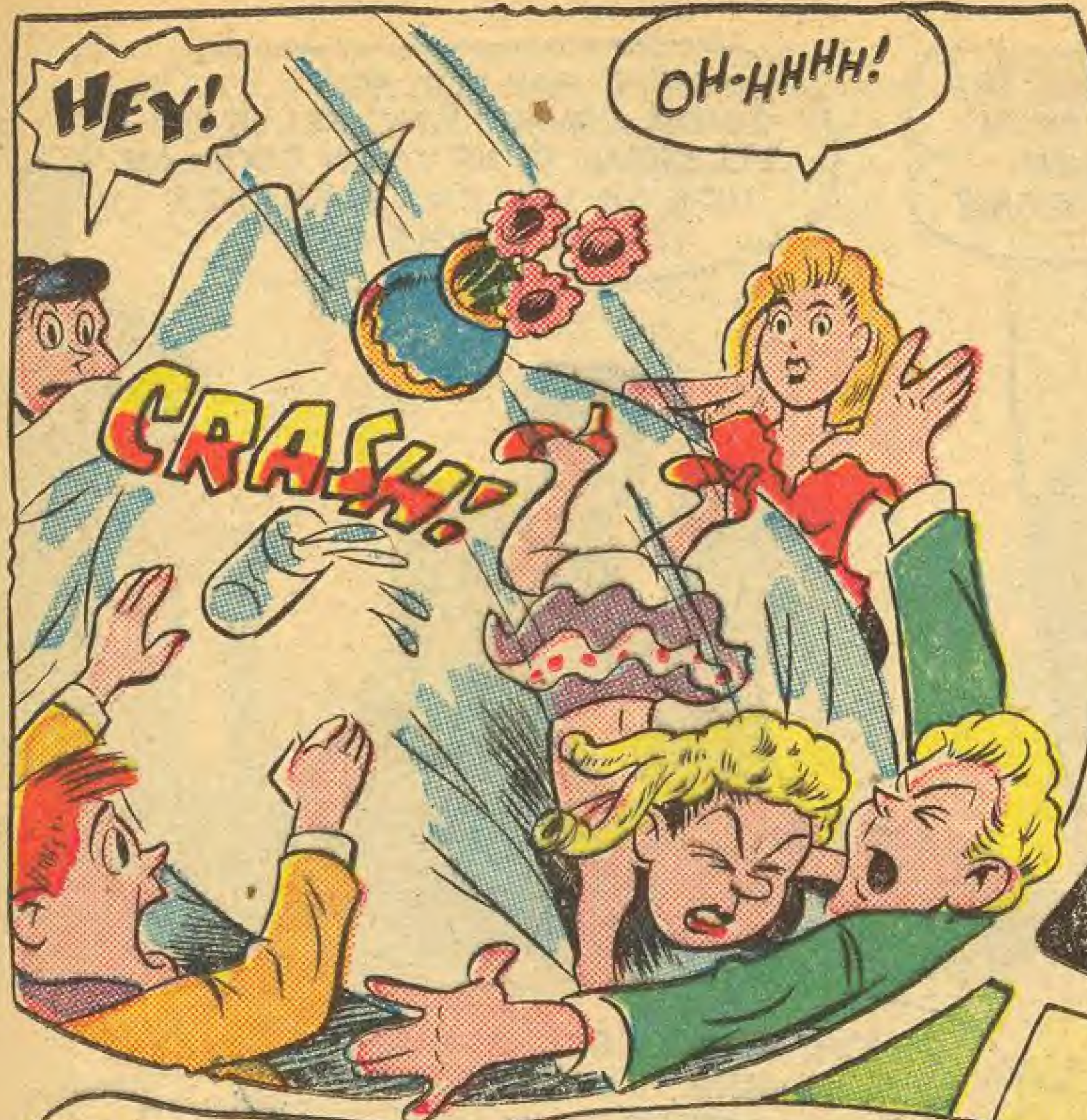


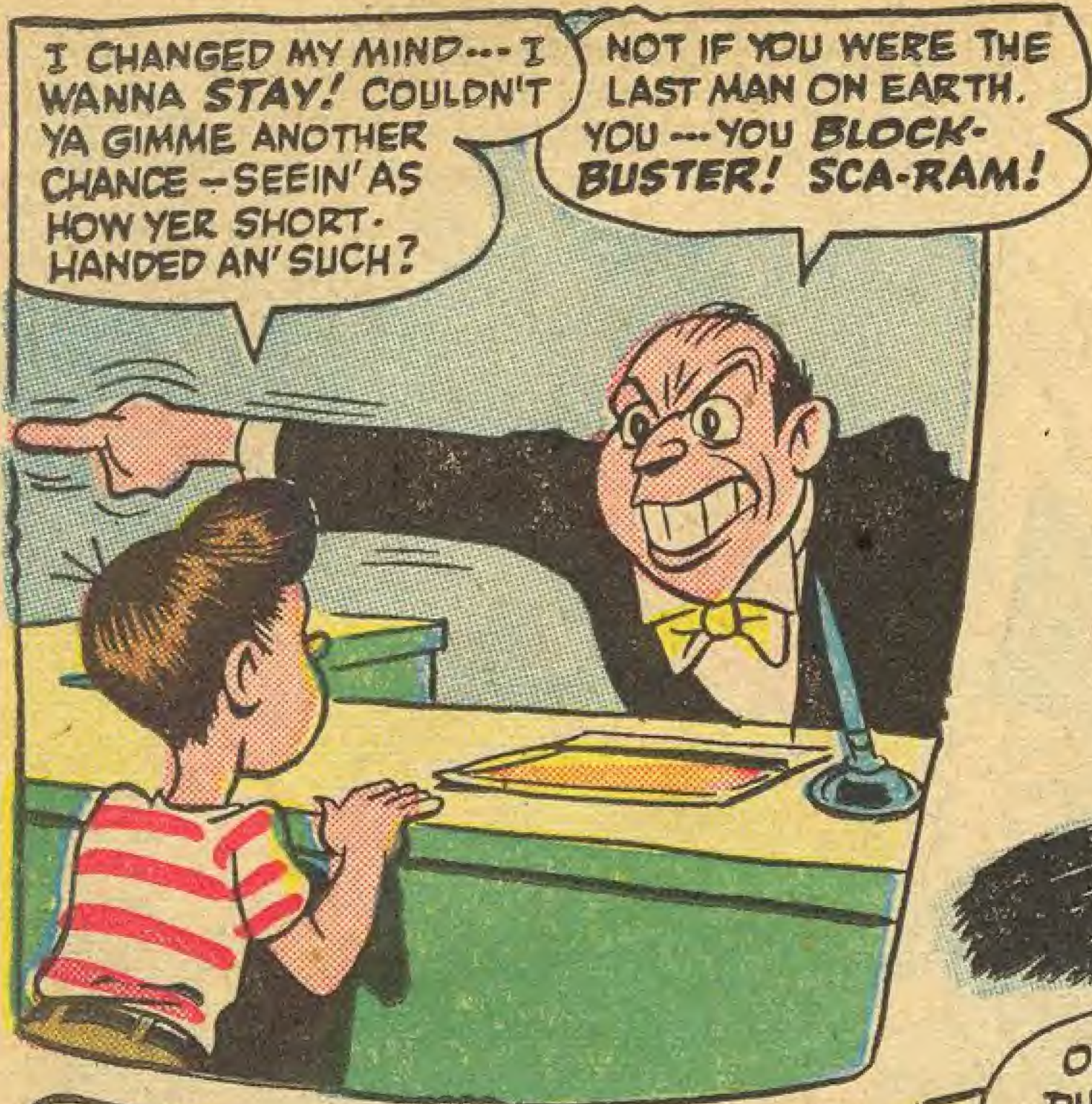
LIKE I JUST
SAID---UMMMM!

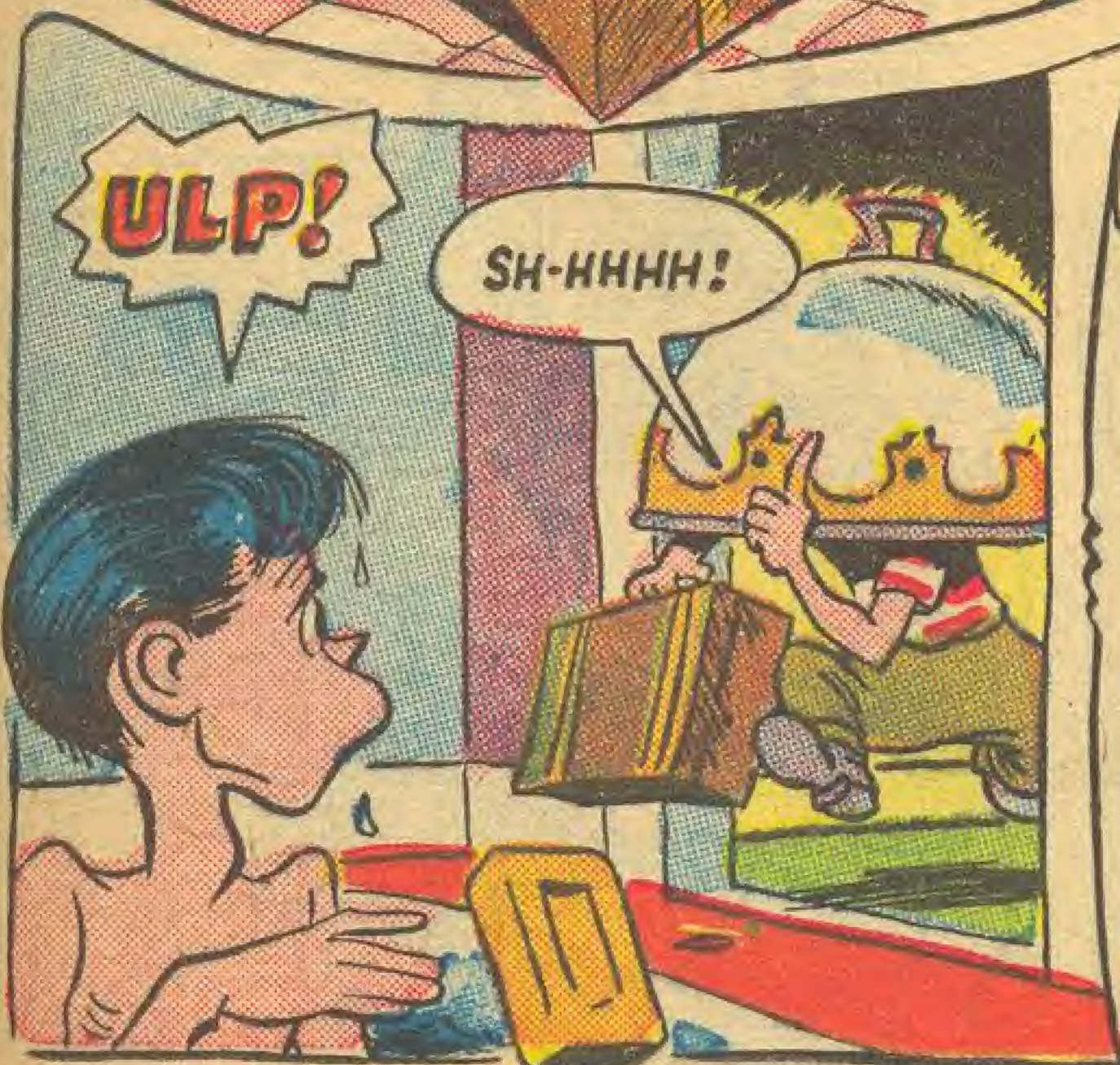
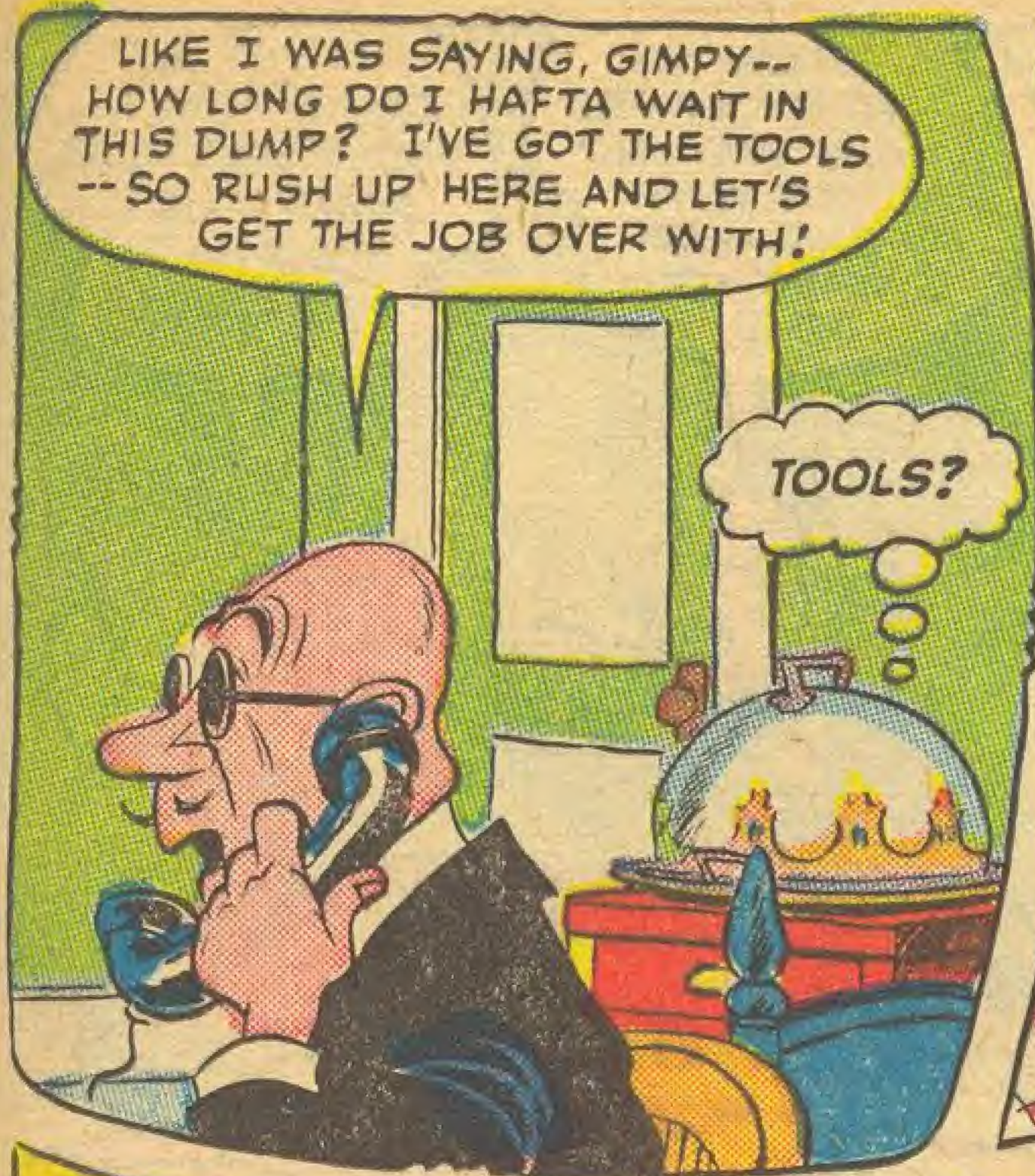


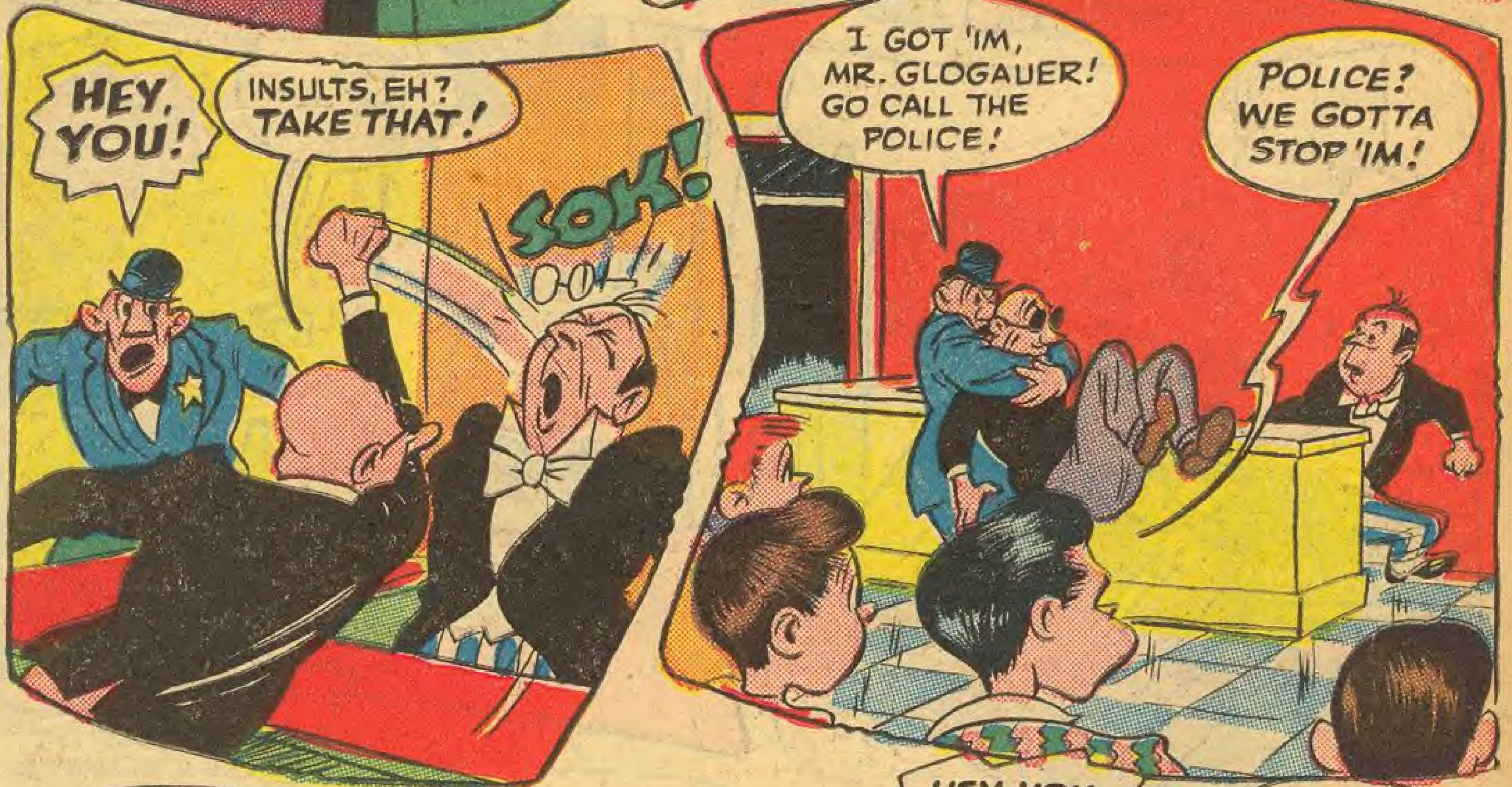
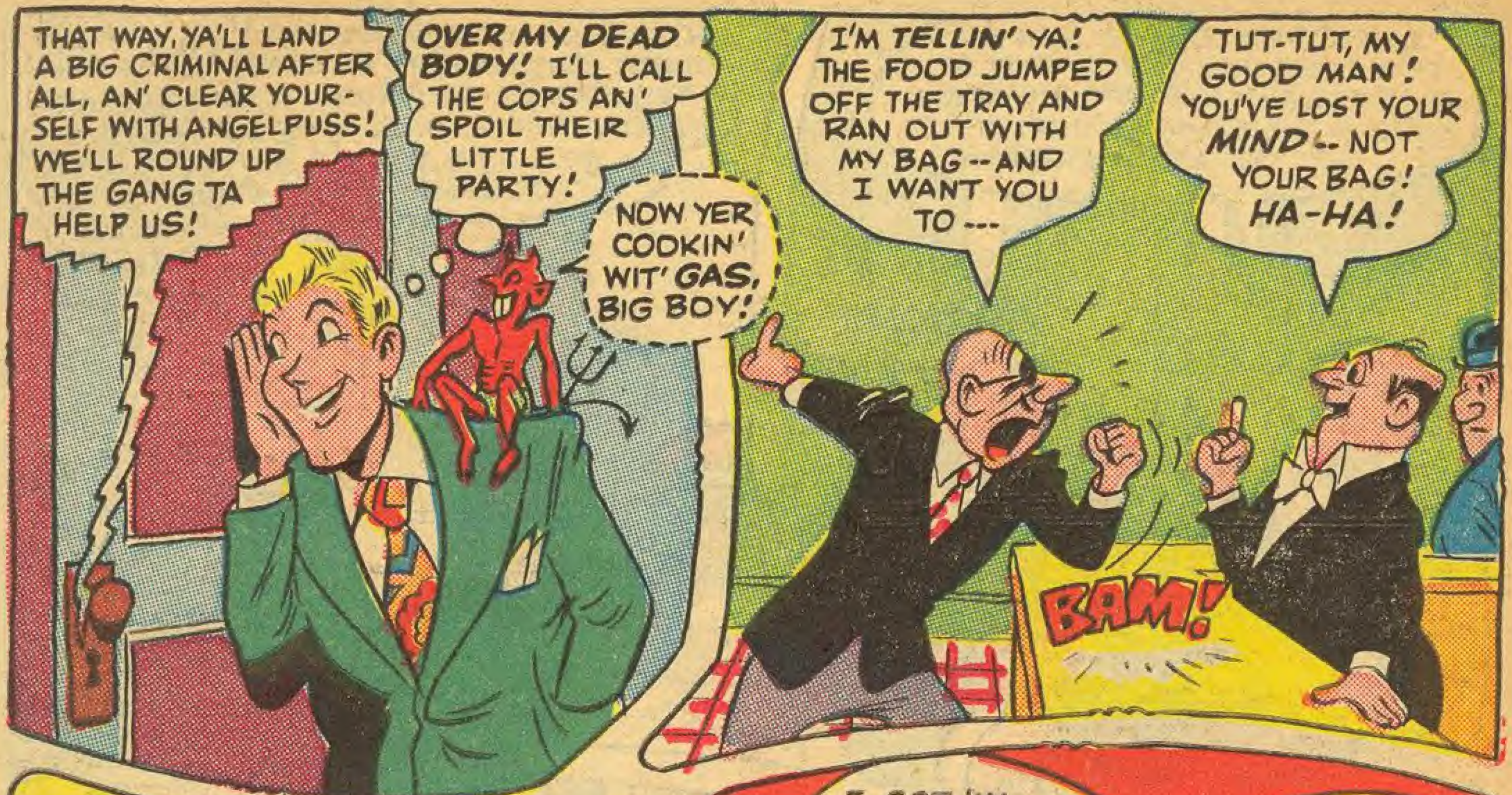
CARRAMBOLITO!

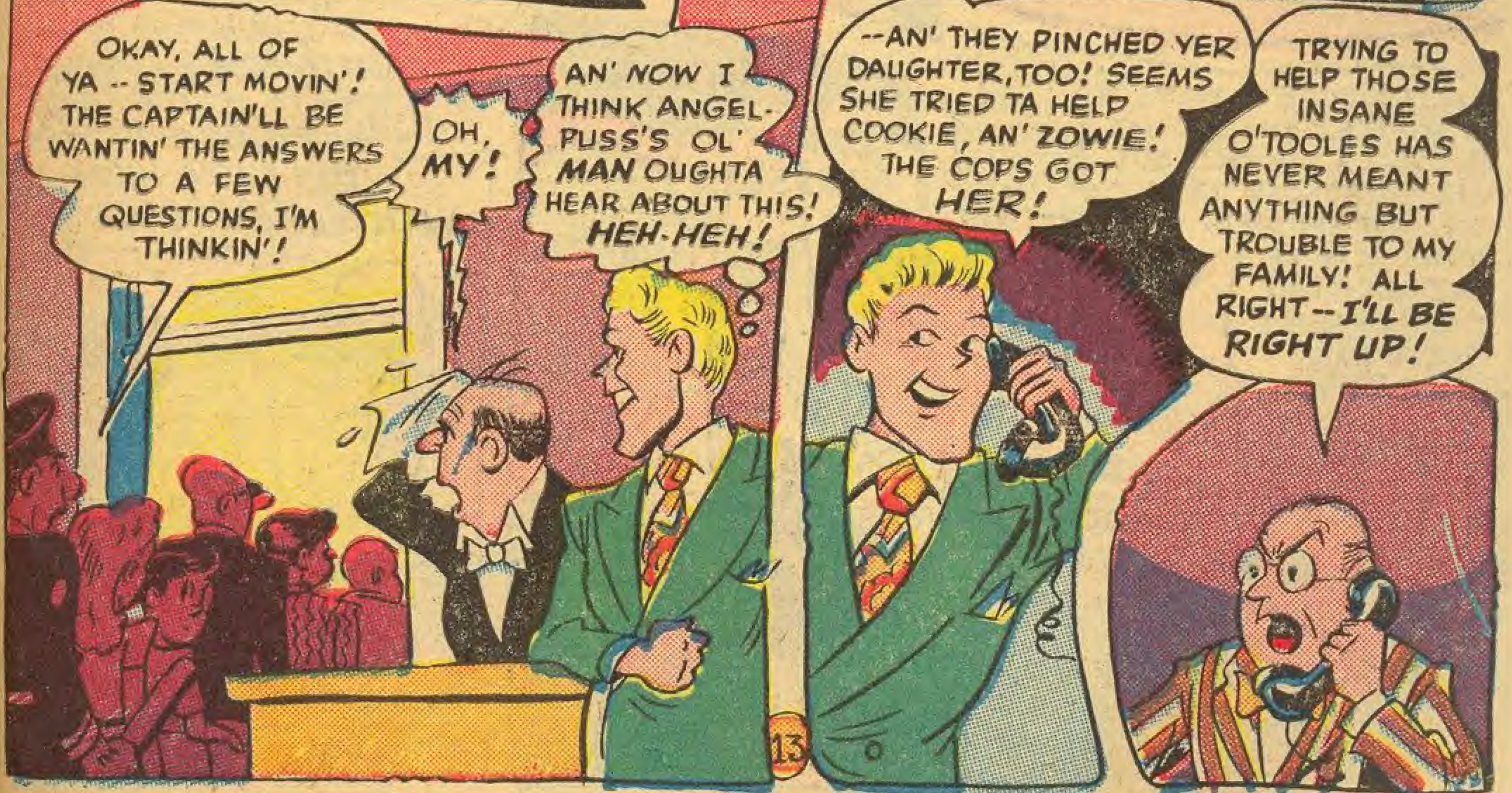
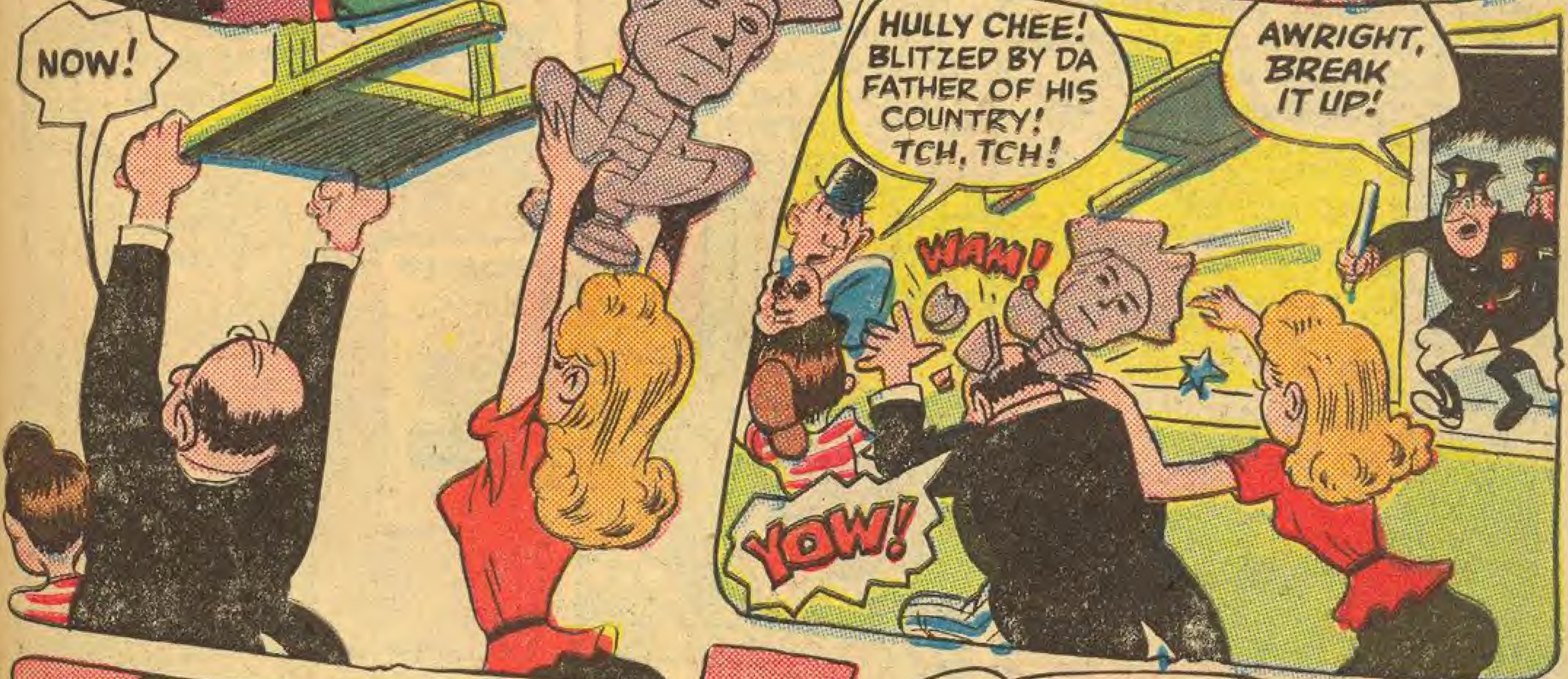
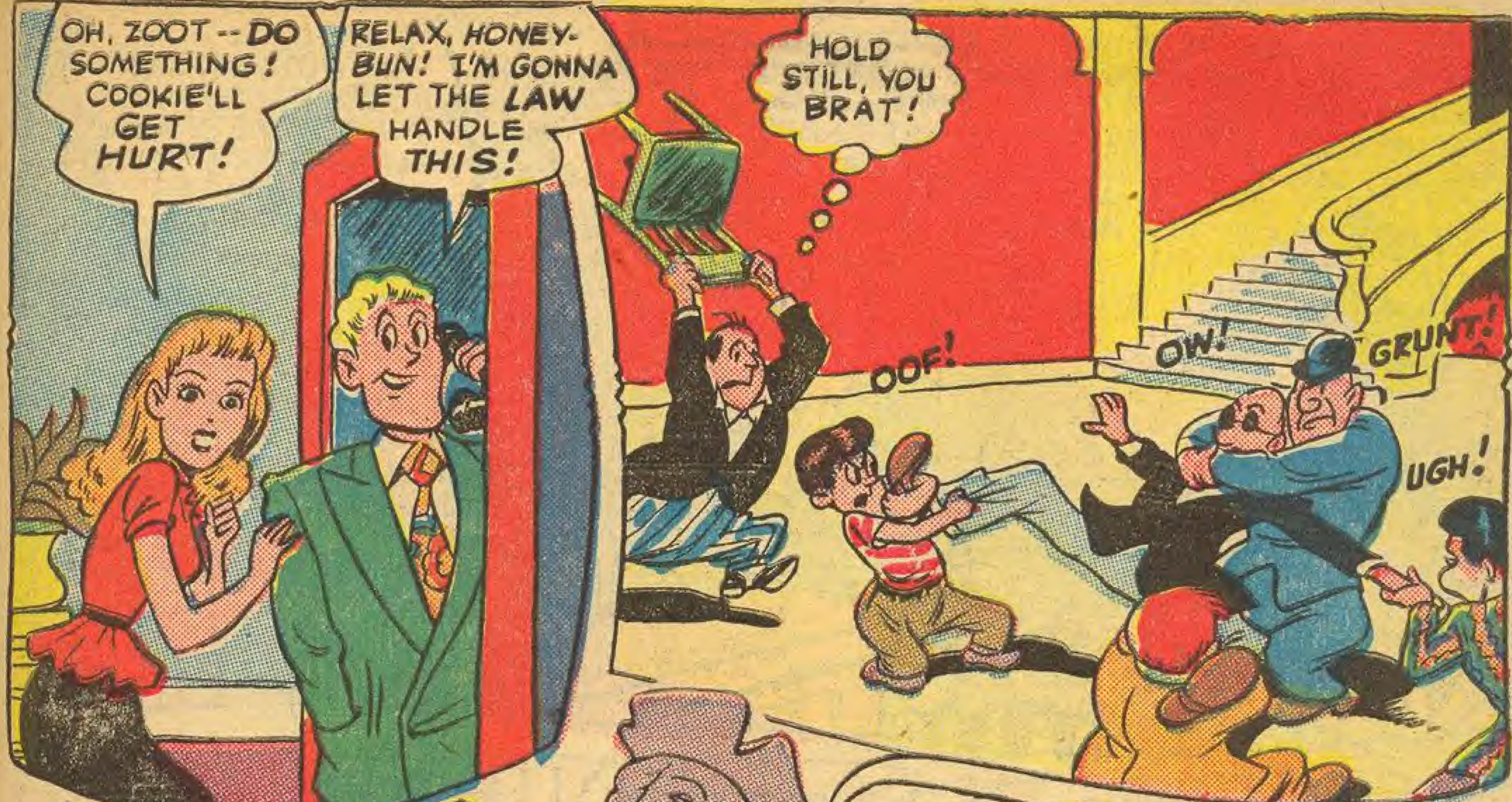
LOOK OUT!
THERE GOES
ARABELLA!

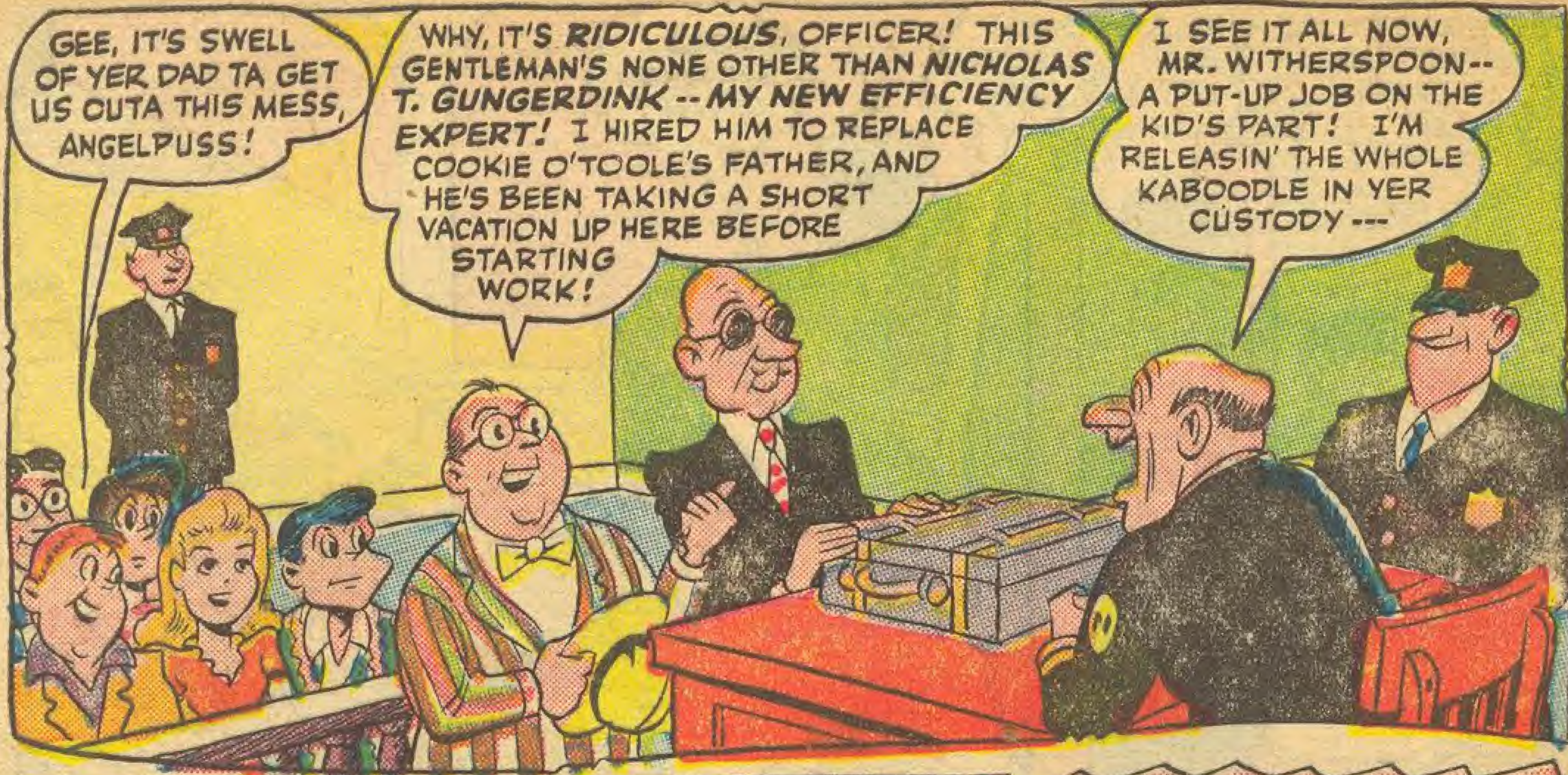












GEE, IT'S SWELL
OF YER DAD TA GET
US OUTA THIS MESS,
ANGELPUSS!

WHY, IT'S **RIDICULOUS**, OFFICER! THIS
GENTLEMAN'S NONE OTHER THAN **NICHOLAS
T. GUNGERDINK** -- MY NEW **EFFICIENCY
EXPERT!** I HIRED HIM TO REPLACE
COOKIE O'TOOLE'S FATHER, AND
HE'S BEEN TAKING A SHORT
VACATION UP HERE BEFORE
STARTING
WORK!

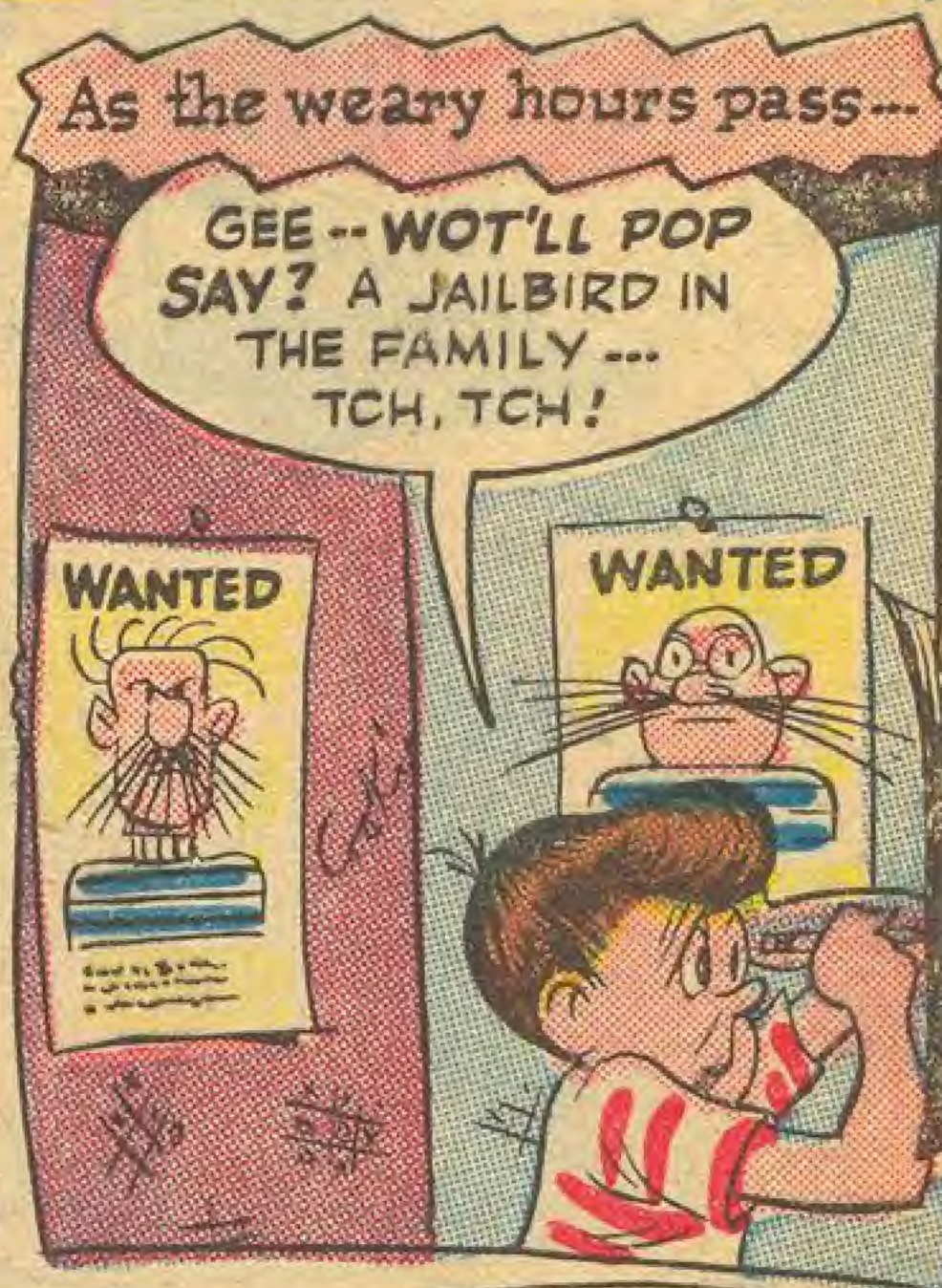
I SEE IT ALL NOW,
MR. WITHERSPOON--
A PUT-UP JOB ON THE
KID'S PART! I'M
RELEASIN' THE WHOLE
KABOODLE IN YER
CUSTODY ---



-- EXCEPT THAT **DIABOLICAL
LITTLE PLOTTER** -- THE **SAWED-OFF
RUNT** WHO POSED AS AN **F. B. I.**
AGENT TO INCRIMINATE AN
INNOCENT MAN! I'M HOLDIN'
HIM TILL I CAN CONTACT
HIS FATHER!

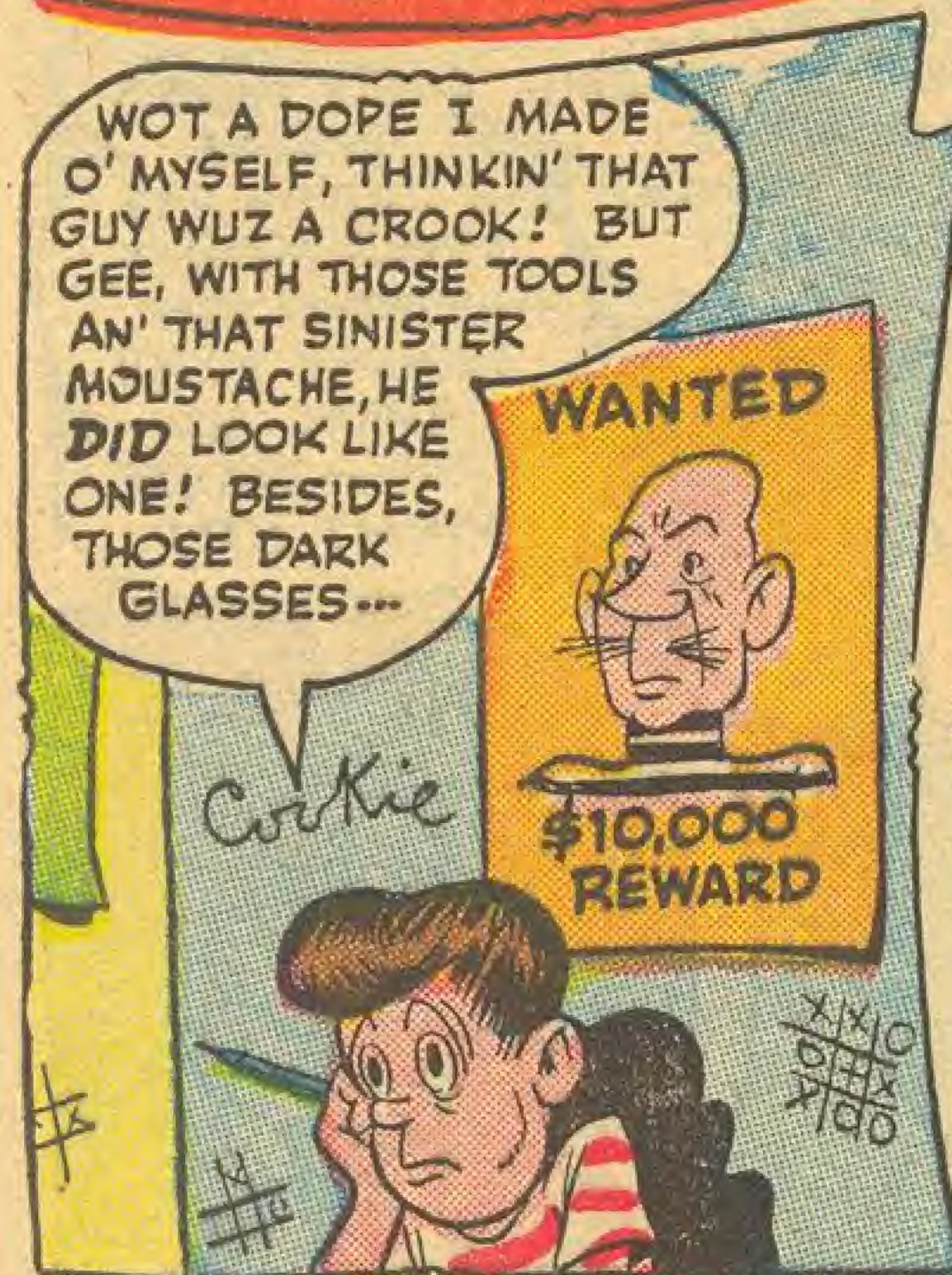


THAT MEANS **YOU'RE
STAYIN', SMALL FRY!**
COME ALONG--I'LL
TEACH YA THE WORDS
TO TH' **PRISONER'S
SONG!**



As the weary hours pass...

GEE -- WOT'LL POP
SAY? A **JAILBIRD** IN
THE FAMILY ---
TCH, TCH!



WOT A DOPE I MADE
O' MYSELF, THINKIN' THAT
GUY WUZ A CROOK! BUT
GEE, WITH THOSE TOOLS
AN' THAT **SINISTER
MOUSTACHE**, HE
DID LOOK LIKE
ONE! BESIDES,
THOSE **DARK
GLASSES**---

WANTED
\$10,000
REWARD

Cookie



**DARK
GLASSES!**

WANTED
\$10,000
REWARD

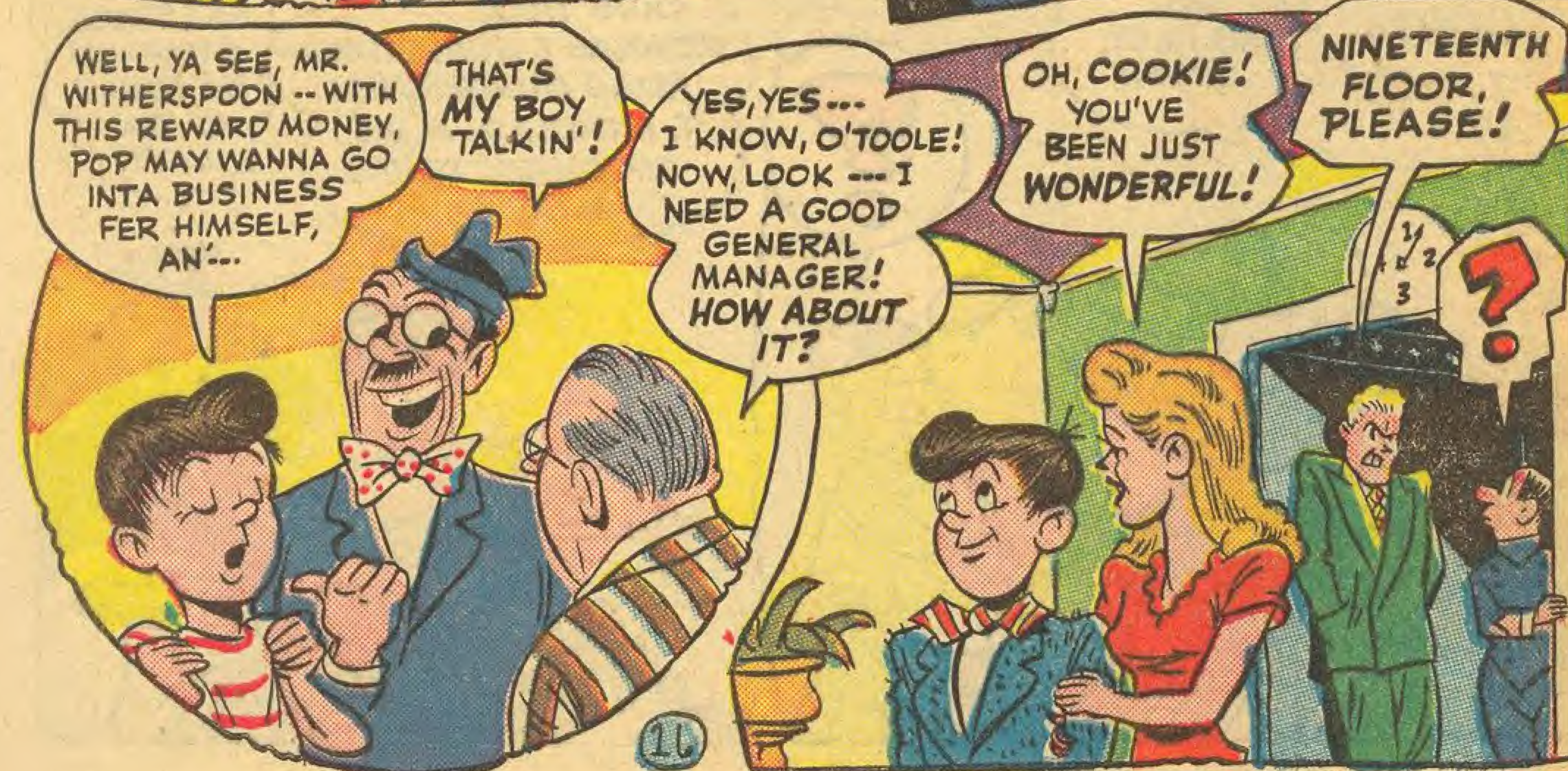
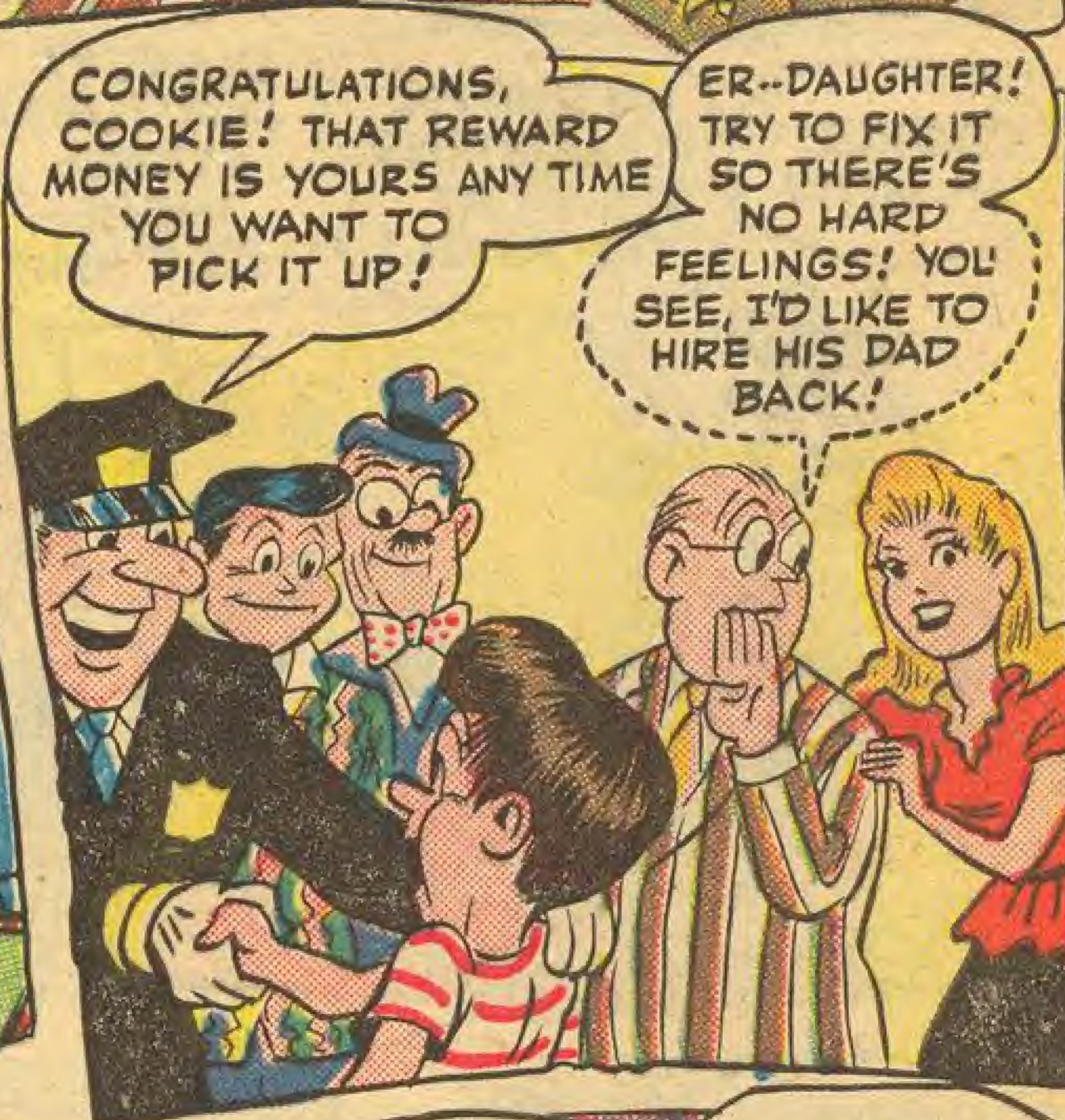


**J-JUMPIN'
JITTERBUGS--I WUZ
RIGHT! IT--IT'S HIM,
AWRIGHT! I G-GOTTA
GET OUTA HERE,**

WANTED QUICK!

\$10,000
REWARD





Cookie And The Contest

FROM the moment that the Smoothie Cream Company announced its \$100 prize contest, Cookie knew that he HAD to be the winner. A picture of a pretty girl accompanied by a verse extolling the virtues of SMOOTHIE CREAM, that boon for beautiful complexions—it was a cinch! What girl prettier than ANGELPUSS—and what verse surer of selection than the lulu he had just written? His chest swelled with pride as he handed it to Zoot. Here's how it went:

"HERE'S ANGELPUSS, MY CUTEY—
HER SKIN IS LIKE A DREAM!
SHE GETS HER BREATHLESS BEAUTY
FROM USING SMOOTHIE CREAM!"

Zoot's eyes narrowed. If that poem won, Cookie would be REALLY solid with Angelpuss—and what chance would HE have? Poor Cookie never suspected a single thing when Zoot generously offered to mail his contribution for him—and the plot was on!

Several days later, Zoot received a telephone call from an ecstatic Cookie. "Golly, Zoot—I'VE WON!" he burred. "They just phoned me from the Smoothie Cream Company! I'm goin' down there with Angelpuss right now!"

Zoot's face was a study in green as he hung up. Something had gone very, very wrong! The contribution he had mailed for Cookie was a far cry from the one Cookie had prepared. Zoot had made generous use of a pencil on Angelpuss's picture—and not to its

advantage, either! And an entirely new verse—Zoot's product—had accompanied it, all under Cookie's signature. Then how could it have won? Rushing to the Smoothie Cream Company, Zoot walked in on the answer. Hanging on the wall was a placard, bearing Angelpuss's picture. But what a picture! Zoot had done his work well—crow's-feet, blotches and wrinkles now replaced the photo's former beauty. But worst of all was his verse, which appeared beneath it:

"A GAL THAT LOOKS LIKE
ANGELPUSS
IS NEVER ON THE BEAM!
THAT HOMELY PHIZ? THE REASON
IS—
SHE WON'T USE SMOOTHIE CREAM!"

And there were Cookie, Angelpuss and the company's president, Mr. Oswald Balder-snatch. Cookie was feverishly trying to explain to the enraged Angelpuss, who wouldn't listen to a thing he said. "I—I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, COOKIE O'TOOLE!" she cried. Bursting into tears, she rushed out the door, leaving her forlorn escort to confront the triumphant Zoot.

"Well, Cookie—looks like congratulations are in order!" smirked Zoot. "Ya won—even if ya DID lose yer girl! Now maybe I can make some time with her!"

Something clicked in Cookie's mind. He had a sudden memory of Zoot's offer to mail in his contribution—and in a flash, he knew what had happened; "Why, you—you SWINDLER!" he breathed. "You good-fer-nothin', lowdown TRAITOR; I'm gonna—I'M GONNA—" Throwing his coat off, he advanced ominously on his rival, who had never seen him like THIS before. Gulping nervously, Zoot turned and fled through the nearest exit—which happened to lead into the Smoothie Cream factory. He dodged between vats, machines, startled workmen—but he couldn't shake off his vengeful pursuer! Then finally Cookie launched a flying tackle—and hit hard! Thrown off balance, Zoot lurched, and went head over heels into the nearest vat! Smoothie Cream coated him from head to toe, and, miserable as he was, Cookie couldn't help roaring at the spectacle.

"Laugh, goldurn ya!" said Zoot thickly, removing an extra-large blob of beauty cream from his mouth. "Wait'll that picture of Angelpuss goes up on every billboard in town—with that poem! Her ol' man'll run ya outa town!"

Instantly, Cookie sobered. What an awful

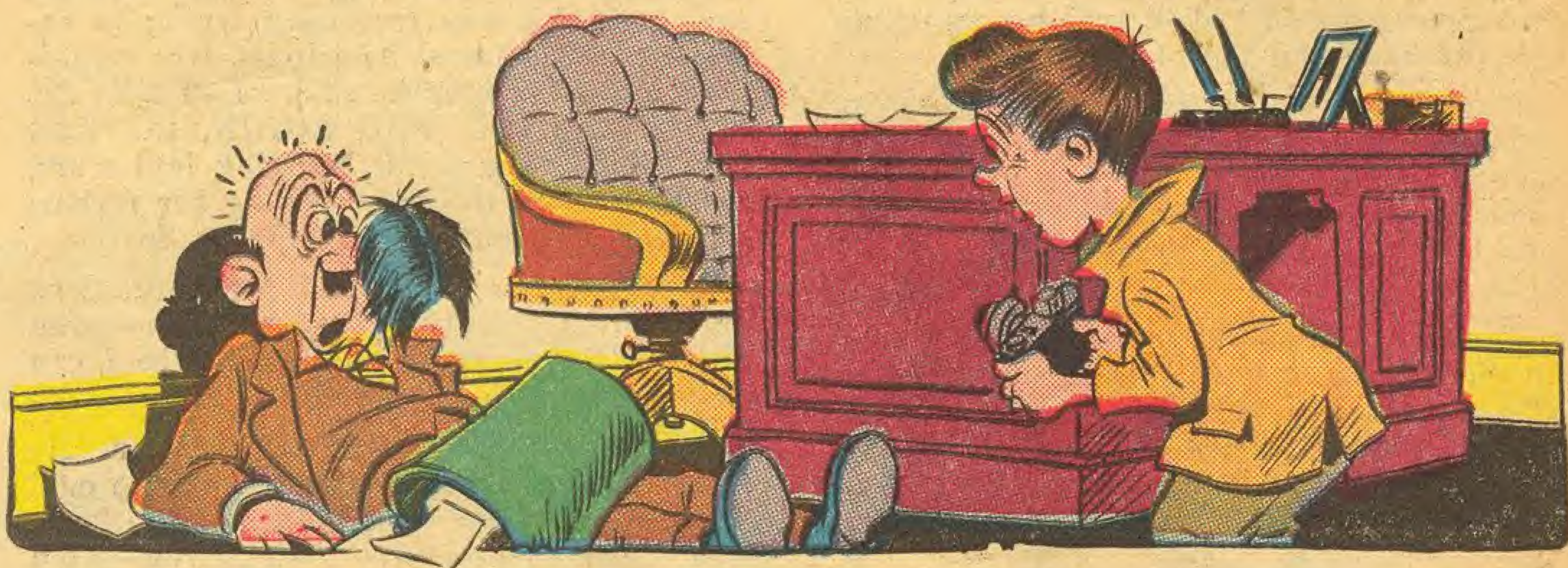


fate for poor Angelpuss—he had to save her from it. Back to Mr. Baldersnatch's office he ran, but the president of the Smoothie Cream Company was obdurate. "Read the conditions of the contest!" he barked. "All entries become the property of the company—to be used in any way we see fit! That picture and poem will sell more Smoothie Cream than anything we ever tried!" He broke off and studied the picture happily, passing his hand over his long, glossy locks. "Yessir!" he murmured. "I'm gonna steal a march on my biggest competitor, the Ace Cosmetics Company! That's Homer Burp's outfit—my old enemy! Can you imagine—he had the nerve to try to copy MY methods, and run a picture-and-verse contest for one of **HIS** products—**SHINY DOME HAIR TONIC!**" Once again he caressed his luxuriant crop of hair.

"Yer rightly-named, Mr. Baldersnatch!" said Cookie. "An' now wot wuz that you were sayin' about the contest yer ol' rival, Homer Burp, is runnin' for **SHINY DOME HAIR TONIC?** I got the picture for him—an' how's **THIS** for the poem?"

**HERE'S POOR OLD MR. BALDER-
SNATCH—
IT CERTAINLY IS IRONIC!
HAIRLESS AS AN EGG? WHY,
NATCH'—
NO SHINY DOME HAIR TONIC!"**

Mr. Baldersnatch knew when he was defeated—but he didn't know how defeated he was! No sooner had he announced his intention of suppressing the offering which Zoot had submitted under Cookie's name when Cookie dived into his pocket and triumphantly produced copies of the genuine picture



But nothing could shake Cookie from the subject nearest his heart. "Please, Mr. Baldersnatch!" he cried. "Ya can't run my entry—**ya just CAN'T!** I'll be **RUINED**—an' **Angelpuss**—" By this time, excitement had gotten the better of him, and he had seized the man by his lapels. Mr. Baldersnatch was trying to shake him off. "I'm running it—and nothing you say or do can make me change my mind! **NOTHING!**"

It was at this point that the man, stepping backwards, tripped over a wastebasket. Down he went, with a crash! Something seemed to fly from his head. It was his luxuriant hair—**A WIG!** And beneath it was a hairless and gleaming dome!

Cookie blessed the luck that had made him take along his camera, in the hopes of getting an unusual shot somewhere. This one was plenty unusual! **CLICK!** went the shutter,

and verse. At first Mr. Baldersnatch said no, and very firmly—he didn't want to have anything more to do with Cookie's contributions! "In that case!" said Cookie firmly, "I'll go where I'm appreciated! Er—Mr. Homer Burp, didja say his name wuz?"

"You win!" said Mr. Baldersnatch wearily.

Within a few days, every billboard in town carried the picture of a beautiful Angelpuss—together with the verse extolling her charms. It made quite a stir—Angelpuss was the proudest girl in the land, and the Smoothie Cream Company broke all sales records. And Cookie? Well, **HE** had the \$100 prize—but what was **THAT** alongside of a pair of ruby lips that caressed his cheek when he left Angelpuss at her home that night—and her softly-worded: "**Oh, COOKIE! There never WAS anyone like you! You're SUPER!**"

ANGELPUSS

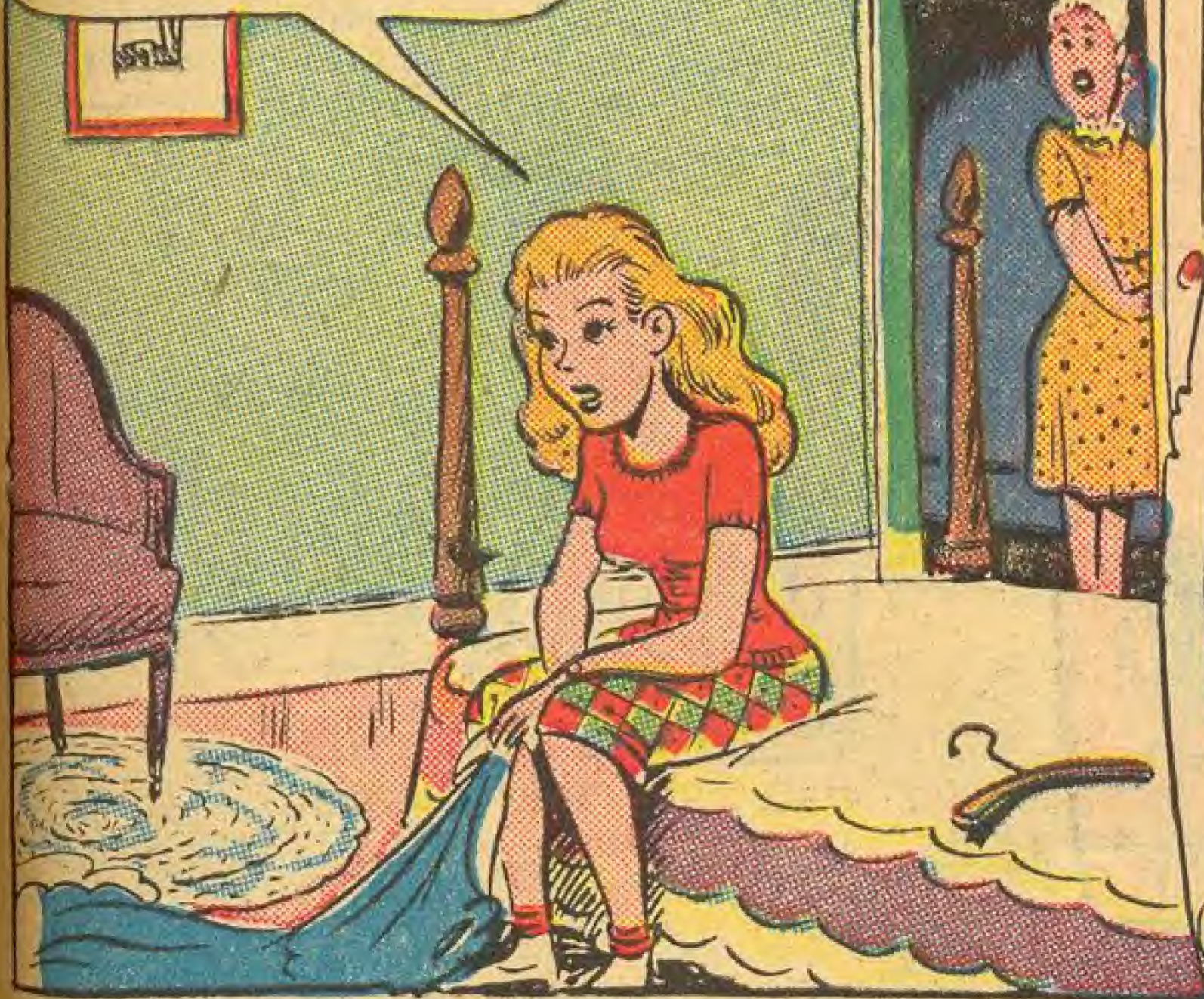
"AFTER ^{the} BAWL WAS OVER"



BUT, MOTHER! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE PROM, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN INVITED!

NEVER MIND, DEAR... THERE'LL BE OTHER PROMS!

SNIFF! "OTHER PROMS!" I GUESS MOTHER'LL NEVER KNOW... YA'D THINK I HAD THE HIVES OR SOMETHIN'! AFTER ALL, I'M G...G...GOOD-LOOKING... AND MY NEW EVENING G...G...GOWN... OH, WHY DIDN'T ANY-ONE ASK ME?



WHY,
SHE
ASKS!

LOOK...
HERE'S
COOKIE...

GOSH, WHY DO I HAFTA
DRAG GOONY GERTIE TA THE
PROM? I WANTED TA INVITE
ANGELPUSS, BUT GOLLY! SHE'D
NEVER GO WITH ME! I'M NO
DREAM-MAN!



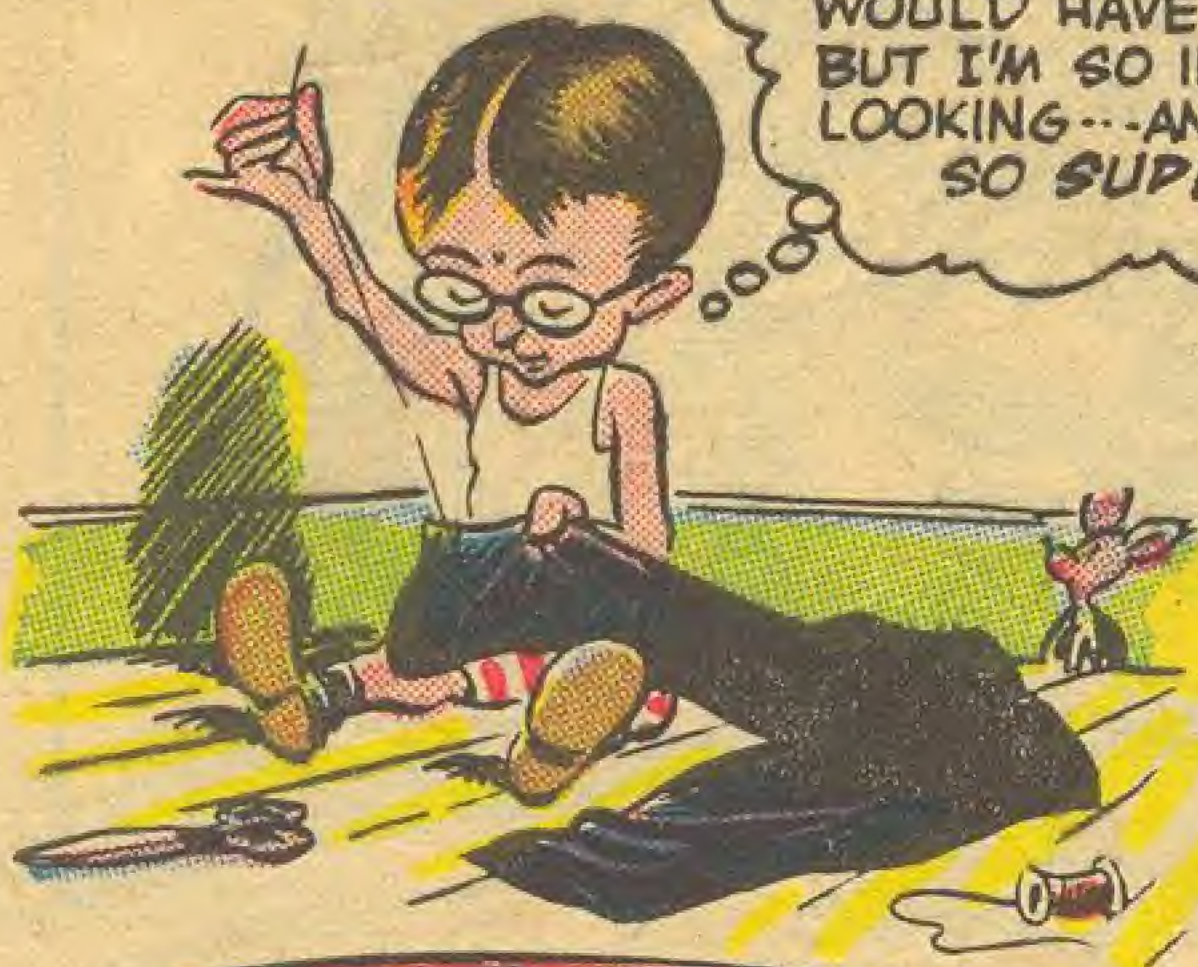
... AND
JITTERBUCK...

I WISH I'D HAD THE
NERVE TA ASK ANGELPUSS
INSTEAD O' THAT DRIP
DOTTY! BUT SHE WOULDN'T
GO WITH ME! I'M NO
CHARM-BOY!



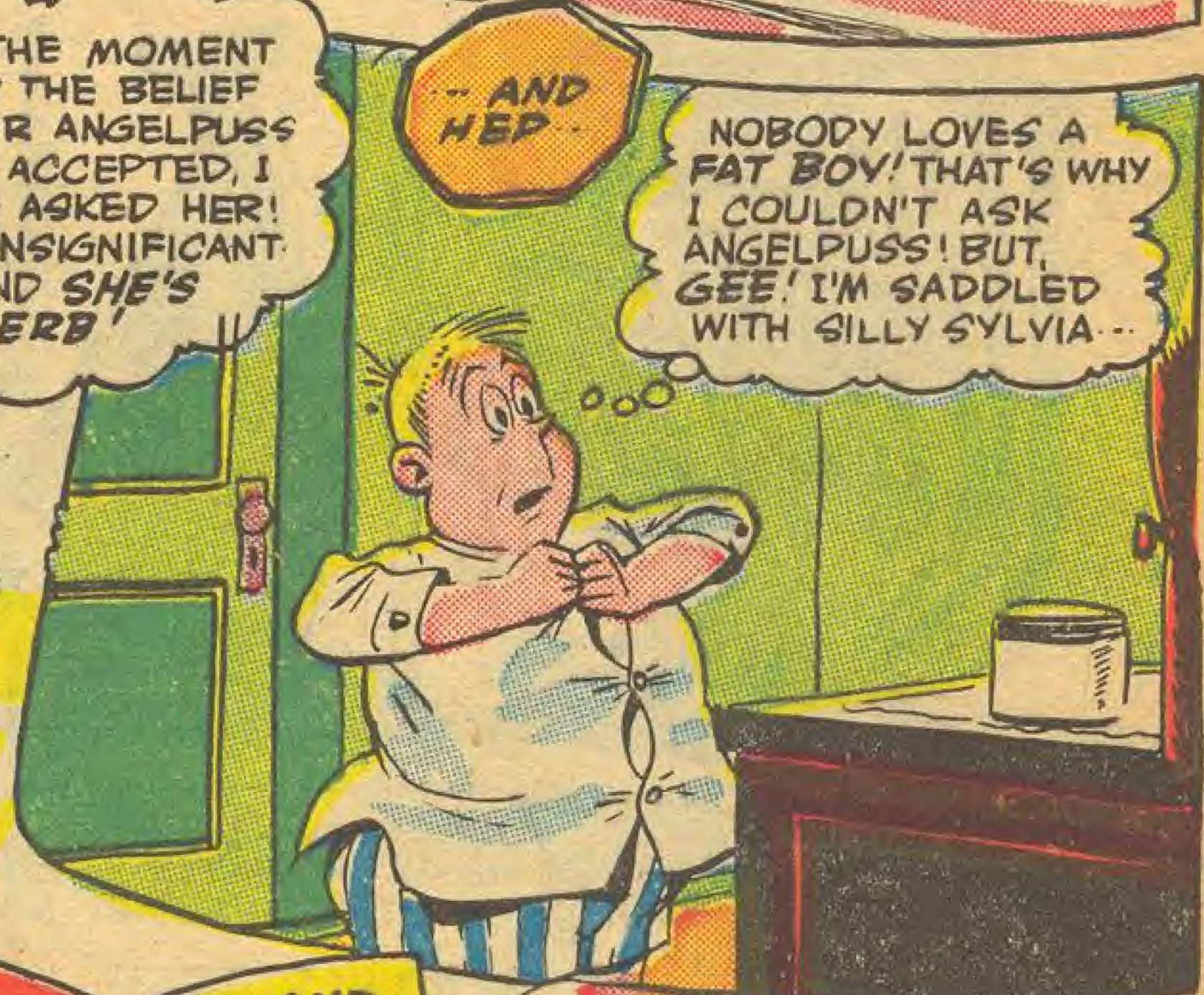
... AND THE
BRAIN...

HAD I FOR THE MOMENT
ENTERTAINED THE BELIEF
THAT THE FAIR ANGELPUSS
WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED, I
WOULD HAVE ASKED HER!
BUT I'M SO INSIGNIFICANT
LOOKING... AND SHE'S
SO SUPERB!



... AND
HEP...

NOBODY LOVES A
FAT BOY! THAT'S WHY
I COULDN'T ASK
ANGELPUSS! BUT,
GEE! I'M SADDLED
WITH SILLY SYLVIA...



... AND
DOWNBEAT...

AAH, WHAT
CHANCE HAS A
GUY LIKE ME GOT?
I COULD'A ASKED
ANGELPUSS... 'N' BEEN
TURNED DOWN, I GUESS!
SO INSTEAD I'M
DRAGGIN' HAGGY
MAGGIE!



... AND
ZOOT...

GAD, I'M MAGNIFICENT!
TOO BAD I COULDN'T HONOR
THAT SLICK CHICK ANGEL-
PUSS WITH MY MANLY COMPANY!
BUT I'VE GOTTA TAKE MY
COUSIN
FANNY!



AND WHAT OF POOR ANGELPUSS?

OH, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FACE MY FRIENDS AGAIN! LOOK AT THE TIME... THE PROM IS STARTING...



HARELIP HIGH NEVER HAD A PROM LIKE THIS BEFORE!

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?



SAY, DOTTY, I DON'T SEE ANGELPUSS AROUND! WONDER WHO'S TAKING HER!

SHE'S PROBABLY COMING LATE... TO MAKE A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FELLAS SEE IN HER ANYWAY!

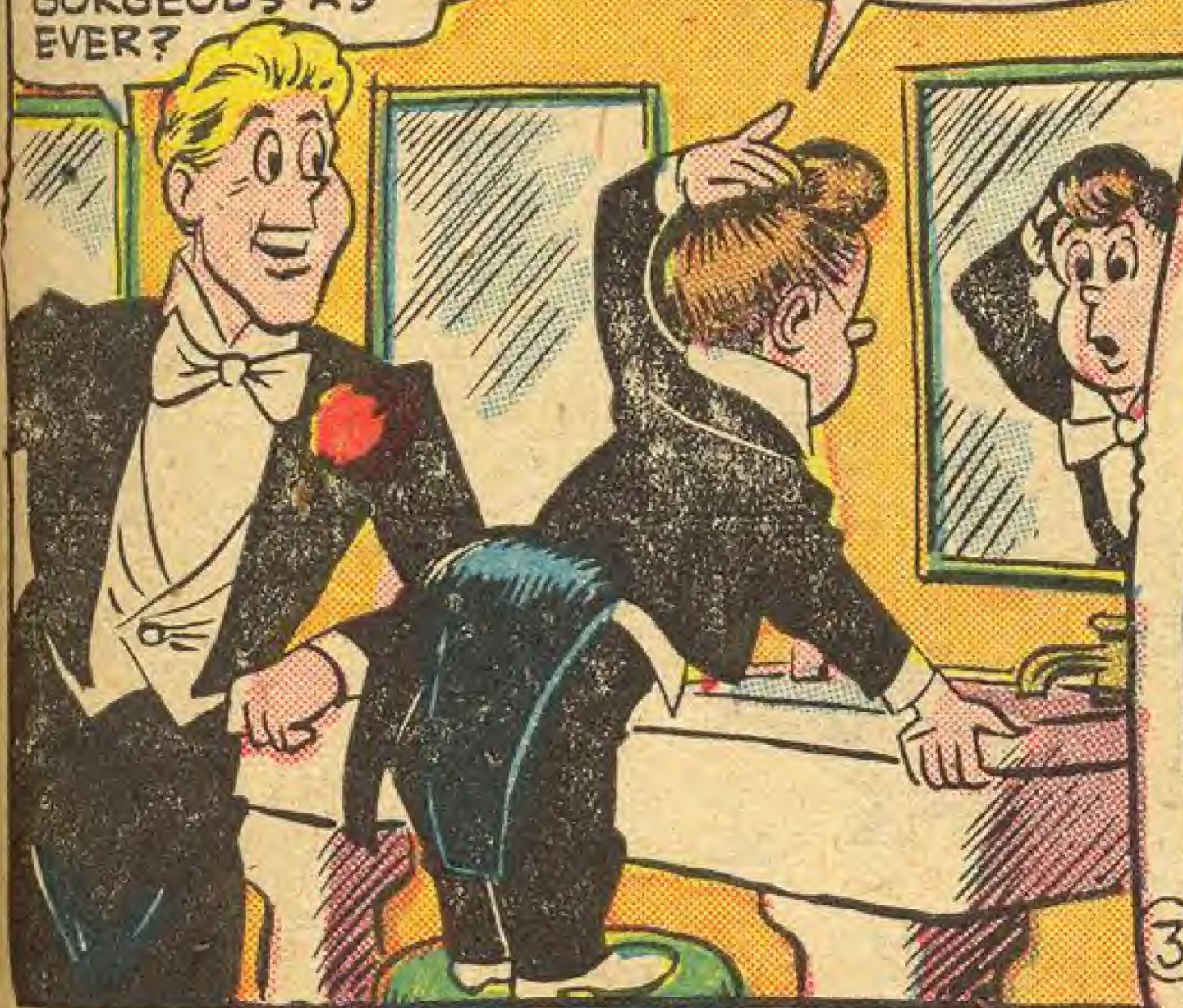
YEAH!



HOW'S ANGELPUSS LOOKIN' TONIGHT, COOKIE? GORGEOUS AS EVER?

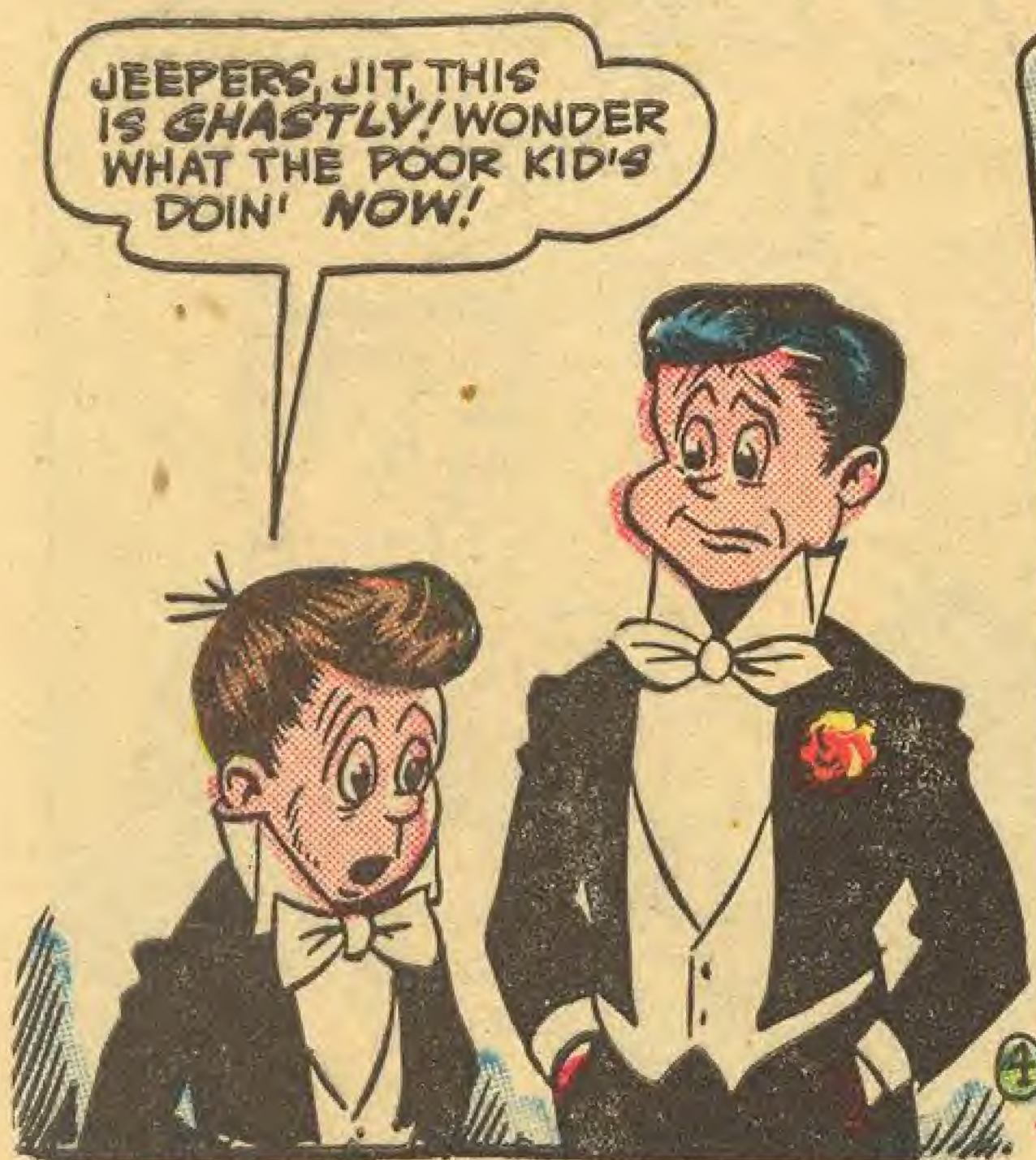
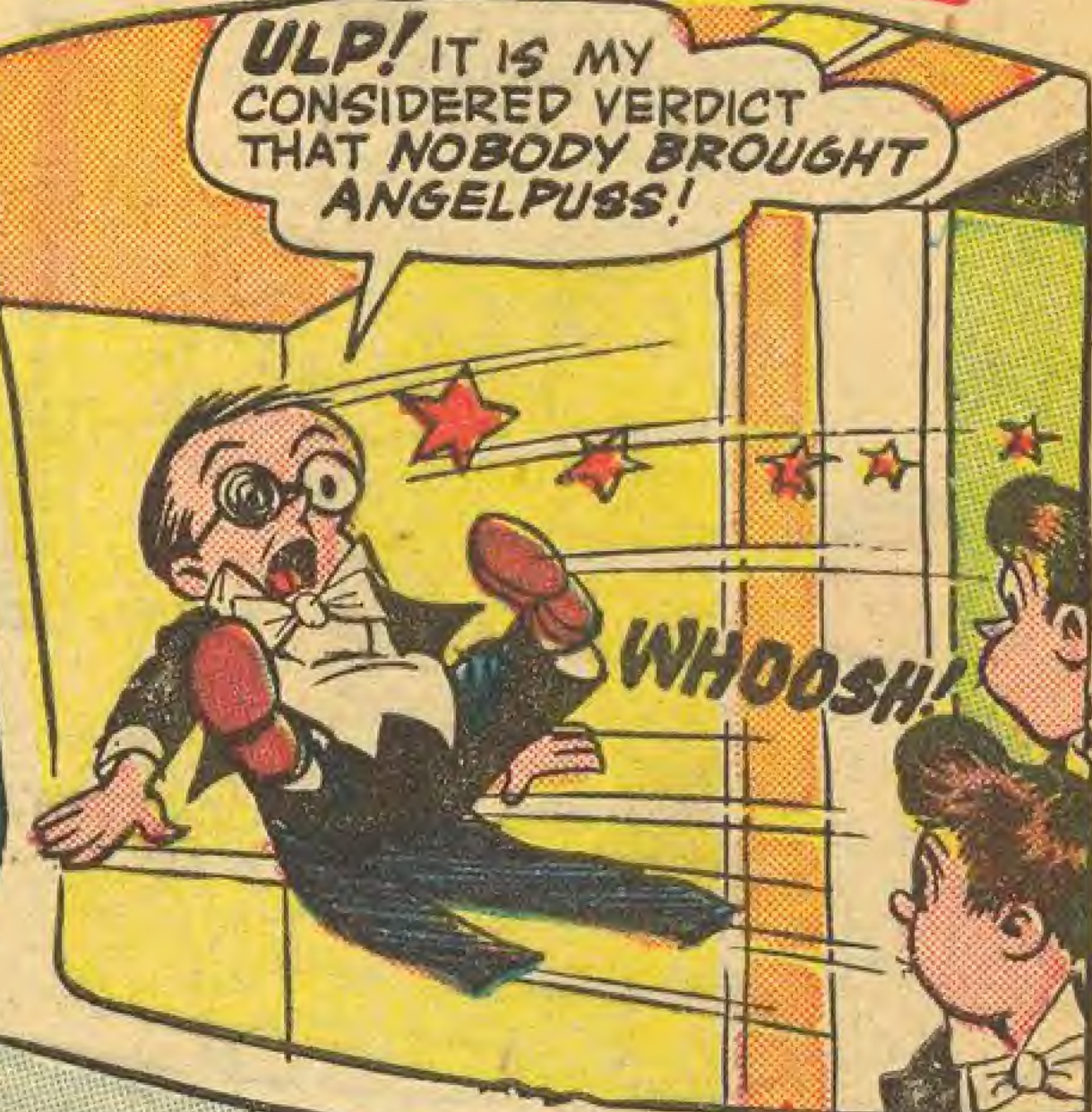
ANGELPUSS? DIDN'T YOU BRING HER?

I THOUGHT YOU BROUGHT HER!!



3







MOTHERS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW CAN I SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR WHEN I HAVE A B...B...
...**BREAKING HEART?**



YES?

MY NAME IS FERDINAND SMITCH! I'M SELLING THE FINEST, MOST INFORMATIVE BOOK ON THE MARKET...
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA
ENCYCLOPEDIA!
MAY I COME IN?



FOR INSTANCE... "AABENRAA, A TOWN OF DENMARK, IN SLESVIG, AT THE HEAD OF A BAY OF THAT NAME, BEING AN ARM OF THE LITTLE BELT. IT HAS..."

YAWNNN!

THIS WILL FASCINATE YOU... "MIRANHAN, AN INDEPENDENT LINGUISTIC STOCK OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS, SO CALLED..."



MR. SMITCH, CAN YOU **SAMBA?**



OF COURSE I CAN SAMBA! ALSO RHUMBA! ALSO CONGA! NOW LISTEN TO **THIS**... "ZENATA, A BERBER TRIBE OF MOROCCO IN THE DISTRICT OF CENTRAL ATLAS..."

YOU INTEREST ME **STRANGELY!**

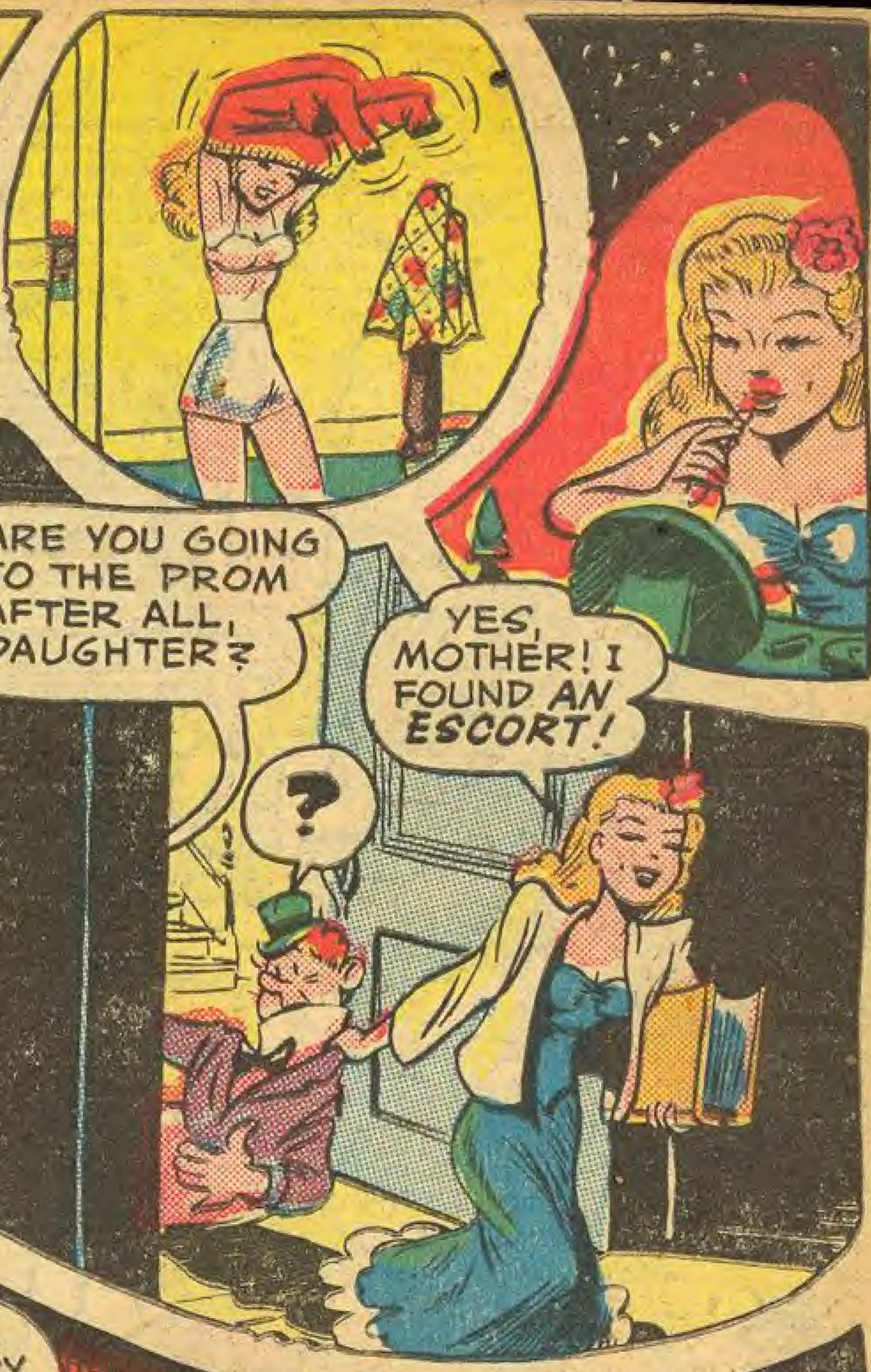
AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE UNUSUALLY HEAVY WEIGHT OF THIS VOLUME, IT IS AN IMPRESSIVE, POWERFUL...

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! MAY I...





BLOMP!



ARE YOU GOING TO THE PROM AFTER ALL, DAUGHTER?

YES, MOTHER! I FOUND AN ESCORT!

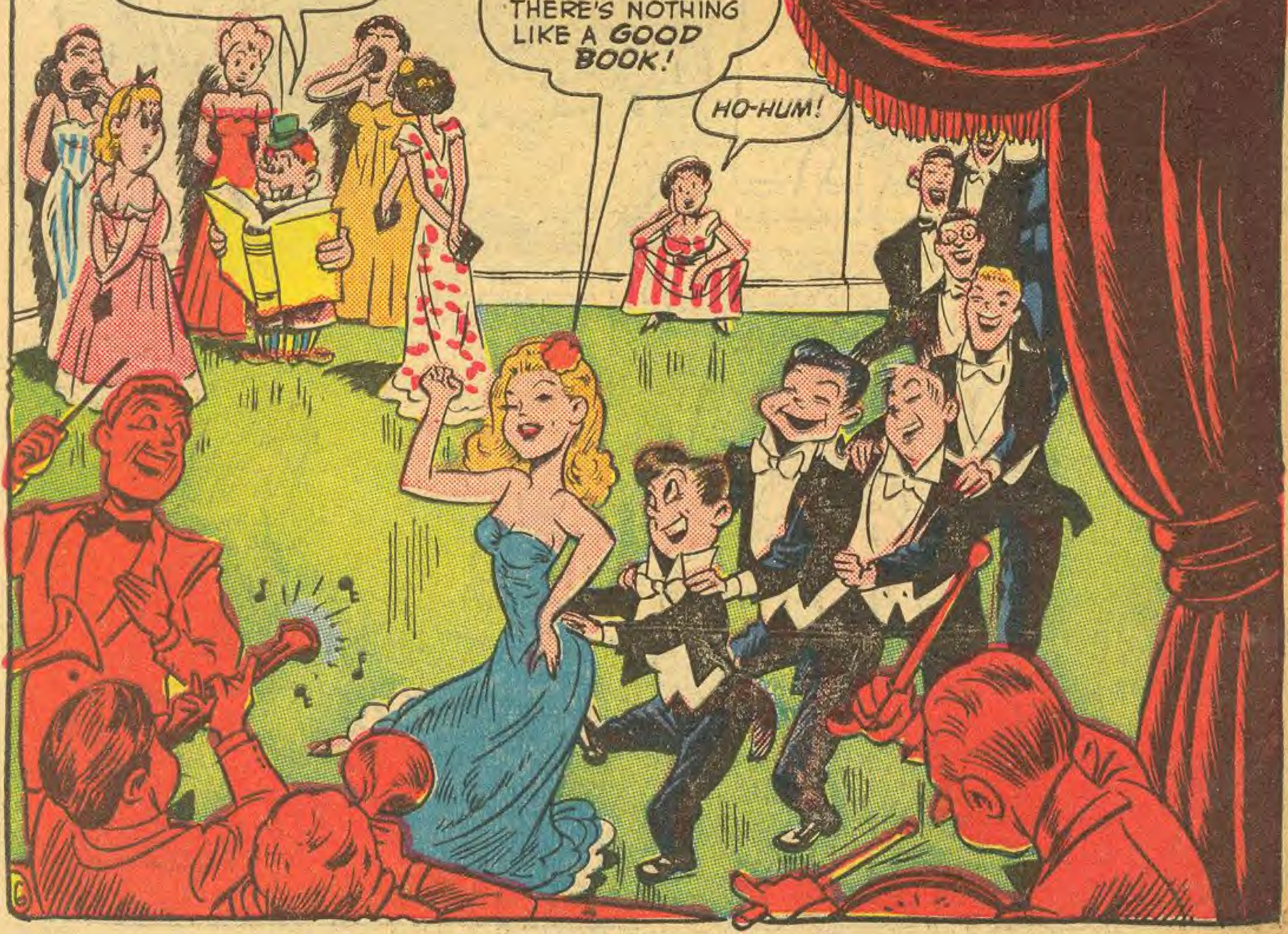
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SHE MADE IT!

AH, HERE'S AN INTERESTING BIT ABOUT A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY IN THE MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES ...ER...

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS...WHEN YOU WANT COMPANY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BOOK!

HO-HUM!



Here it is--
AMERICA'S

**FUNNIEST
MAGAZINE!**

*The LAUGHINGEST
RIB-TICKLER THAT
EVER HIT THE STANDS!
And packed chockful
of*

★ **GIGGLES** ★

★ **ROARS** ★

★ **BELLY-
LAFFS** ★

*Featuring
THAT FUNNY-BONE
OF THE CENTURY--
THE GREAT
Superkatt!*



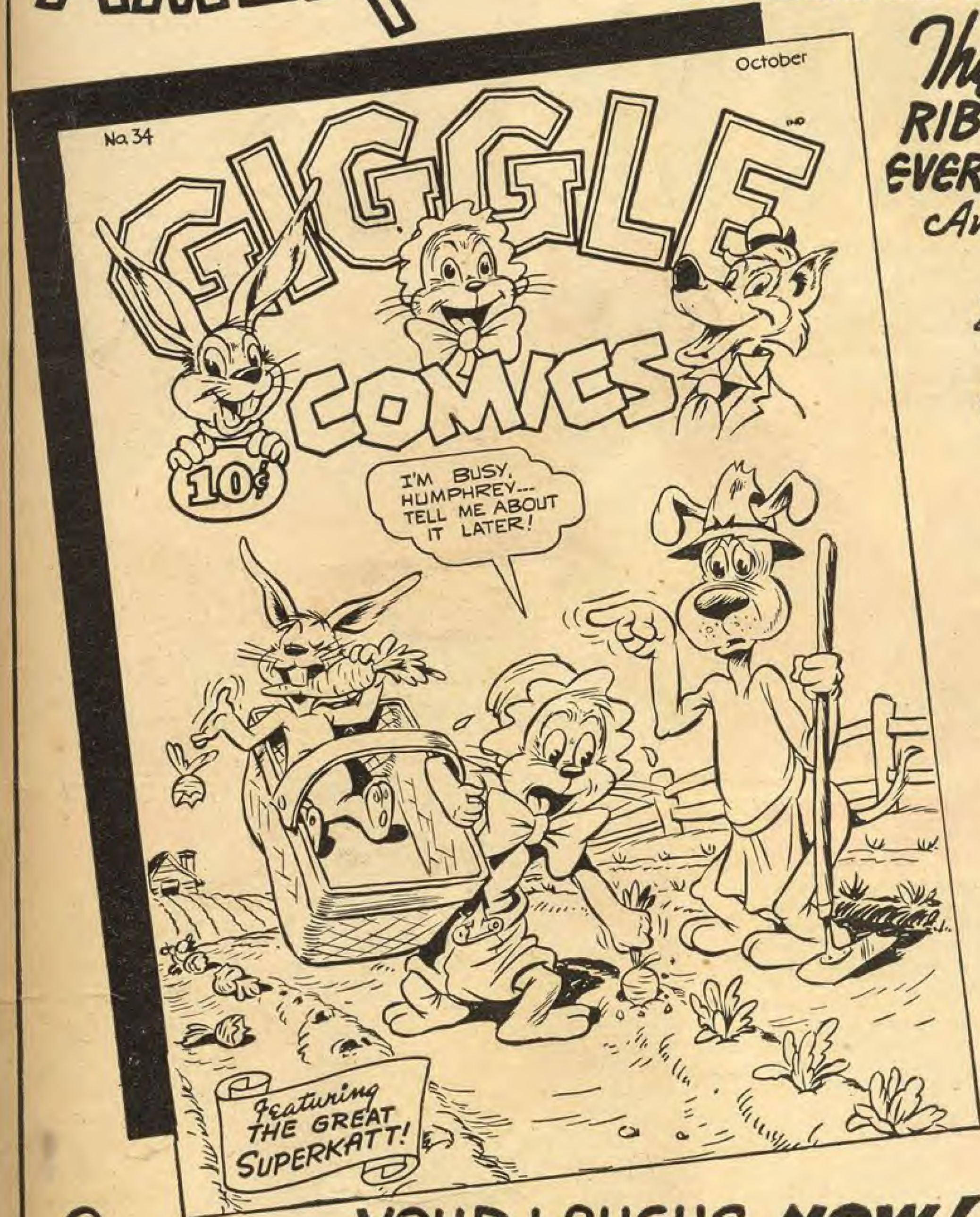
Reserve

**YOUR LAUGHS NOW!
THEY'RE WAITING
in**

GIGGLE COMICS

10¢

— ON ALL STANDS —



What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and look different! You'll begin to *LIVE*!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 45-K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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